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The Saturday Press.

[For the Saturday Press.]

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

I passed her way as the dying day
Was trembling to its fall,
Humming a song as I strolled along,
When a shadow on the wall,
A shadow dark and tall,
A shadow on her chamber-wall,
Silenced my step and song.

Like a spectral maid, or an aspen shade,
That shadow dark and tall,
Reluctant strayed as the moon-beams played
Upon the chamber-wall;
That shadow like a pall,
Trembling upon the chamber-wall,
Trembling as if afraid.

That seraph-shade which trembling strayed
Upon the chamber-wall,
Like a timid maid who stays afraid
Within a haunted hall,
That shadow dark and tall,
Quivering upon the chamber-wall,
Was my sweet Adelaide.

* * * * * *

The evening sped, and the angels fled
With the beauteous form and all,
And humming a song I strolled along,
When that shadow on the wall,
That shadow like a pall,
That shadow on her chamber-wall,
Haunted my step and song.

And now each night, when the moon beams bright,
Or the star-beams softly fall,
Her angel-shade, no more afraid,
Dances upon the wall,
Her shadow dark and tall,
Dances upon my chamber-wall,
Dances, no more afraid.

That joyous air, that face so rare,
The beauteous form and all,
The golden hair now glittering there
With the moonbeams, on the wall,
That shadow dark and tall,
Dancing upon my chamber-wall,—
Nought but herself so fair!

Yes, beauteous maid, sweet Adelaide!
Thy shadow on the wall,
Like a sylvan maid, or a seraph-shade
At a merry moonlight ball,
Thy shadow dark and tall,
Dances upon my chamber-wall,
Dances, though thou art dead!

THE LIVING CORPSE.

BY WILLIAM NORTH.

Why the fancy has seized me to write the strange history which follows, is to me inexplicable. My utter indifference to human sympathy, human praise, or human opinion, which will soon be seen to be no vain affectation, would seem to render such art superfluous. Perhaps the necessity for some species of action, which even the inert granite is supposed to be imbued with by the progressive spirit of Nature, may account for the proceeding. Since, however, I intend to write, I propose to write intelligibly. It is difficult to describe sensations where memory alone must furnish their corresponding ideas. Were I a human being, in the strict sense of the word, I should, if I may judge by what I see others do, apologize for the imperfection of my narrative. As it is, I shall reproduce the images of the past with the fidelity, as also with the indifference, of an echo. It is perhaps the first time that a DEAD MAN has spoken in the language of the living, though approximations to the phenomenon are to be found in many writers of the day, whose works, I, being absolutely destitude of passions, can alone dispassionately criticize. Weak minds will either fail to comprehend, or recoil with horror from my revelations. To the thinking few, they will be a curiosity, which I affirm gravely to be unparalleled in the annals of literature, or the records of history.

I was not always a living corpse. I am not a natural monster. I was born alive, in the full sense of the word. Nay, I was the result of an unbridled passion, and gifted with all the fiery vitality which such lawless indulgences not unfrequently produce. My mother was an Italian Princess, my father a private soldier in the Prussian cavalry. My birth took place in secrecy, and with all the precautions of pride and shameful terror. I was brought up in an atmosphere of mystery, and though invisibly protected, was, from my earliest recollection, an utterly isolated being. At the age of one-and-twenty, after completing, as they say, my studies at the University of ——, I was placed in possession of a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars invested in the English funds, and informed that henceforth I was my own master; whilst I was supplied with a plain and probable legend to serve as a convenient substitute for a more authentic pedigree. It was under these circumstances that I set out on my travels, in the prime of youth and love of enjoyment. My form was tall and powerful, my face of a rare and marked beauty, and my talents of that order which make the great heroes, poets, and criminals of this imperfect world. My destiny was in my own hands, and I became, if not the greatest, at least the most extraordinary of earth's children. [illegible] state these facts in their naked simplicity, because what is termed vanity, is so utterly impossible to a being of my unique nature, that I can waive all common forms, and introduce myself at once in my true colors to the reader.

I shall commence by a brief account of my youth and education, or rather of the early movements of my mind, which led me to adopt a course so singular in its audacity, both of conception and execution.

My two dominant passions, before the extraordinary events which it is the main purpose of this tale to record, were an intense longing for exalted sensations of pleasure, and as a means to this end, a burning thirst for knowledge. Having renounced all [illegible] creeds, and set at defiance all social [illegible], I resolved to make the aim of my [illegible] the attainment, by study and experiment, of the most certain methods of scientific enjoyment.

It was naturally what the world calls preeminently selfish; as if one man could be more or less selfish than another; as, if in obeying the laws of his organization, any one could act otherwise than yield invariably to the strongest motive, as if any motive could be aught else than a certain amount of *force* acting upon an individual being!

But I will not philosophize. My human and living readers would not understand me if I did. Their perceptions are clogged by passions and prejudices. Hence truth is strange to them, and even terrible. There are some few, eagle-eyed, who can gaze upon the sun, undazzled. To these my philosophy would be impertinent; to the mass it is incomprehensible.

I will tell my story without obscurity. I will use the plainest language, and speak to popular acceptations.

I was, then, a voluptuary, but not a common voluptuary. I saw that the ordinary mines of enjoyment were soon exhausted, or only to be worked more deeply by labor that defeated its object. I perceived that the most crowded paths of pleasure turned back, by circuitous courses, in never-ending circles.

I resolved to abandon these pastures of gregarious man. But before abandoning them, I tested them by experience. I plunged into all the dissipations of my age. I sought all the distractions that youth, a strong well-nerved body, and an active mind could hope to obtain. I bought all the diversion that gold could buy. I lived with my generation; I surpassed them; I led them. I practised systematized moderation. I essayed unbridled excesses. And—I was disappointed.

I did not, as the cant phrase goes, awake from my illusions. I had read, seen, and thought too much. I was too clear-headed to have any illusions. Where others saw misty prospects, I saw naked facts. I summed up, and found the balance on the wrong side. My experiment was a failure.

I had travelled, I had seen the wonders of art, and the beauties of nature. I had had access to the best, and the worst of society. I had labored, and been rewarded by fame. The book which I wrote, won the applause of a nation. I foresaw that it would obtain new triumphs in foreign lands; and my foresight has been confirmed by fact. Lastly, I was united to the woman I loved; who brought me thrice the fortune I expected, and a mind cultivated beyond my hopes. And with all this—I was dissatisfied. I craved for intenser pleasure; more exalted excitement, and I could not disguise from myself that it was so. I reflected deeply.

"What," said I, "is happiness? Is it a monotony of sensations, which are taken to be pleasurable on the faith of popular opinion, whilst the inward voice still whispers languor and tedium, whilst half the day is passed in a dreary vacuity of mind, which is, at best, merely the bare negative of pain? Is it a feverish working and striving for objects which on attainment invariably become insipid and indifferent?

"Certainly not. Reasonably regarded, it is surely a positive, appreciable state of consciousness, in which we can say without hesitation to the moment, in the words of Goethe, 'O linger yet, thou art so fair!' It is a certain condition of the nervous system, and without that condition—misery."

I fell to watching myself studiously at different times, and under various circumstances.

I observed that, at a certain stage, wine produced sensations of extreme delight. But I also observed that these sensations soon gave way to other and more sombre feelings; that, in fact, there was a happy crisis in alcoholic stimulus, which, when once past, could not be recalled on one and the same occasion. Indulgence, too, in wine, was, I perceived, followed by a vague dreary despondency, that lasted incomparably longer than the brief passing moments of delicious exhilaration it produced.

On the whole, it was better to leave the mind to nature and mere mental excitements, than to attempt to light the sacred fire at the now neglected altars of Bacchus.

I need not say, that to become vulgarly intoxicated, was, with me, out of the question. There are some strong brains that defy the utmost possibilities of wine. I could have poisoned myself, but I could not render myself an unreasoning animal, by any amount of spirituous liquors. Often I persevered to the last, and when all my wild companions had sunk, I may say in many cases fallen beneath their potent draughts, I alone sat erect, and at worst discovered that my stomach was a weaker organ than my head. In such cases a feeling of awful and gloomy sadness would possess me, and after sitting long in silent and strangely lucid meditations, I would walk home calmly in the gray of the morning with little outward indication of the debauch from which I had emerged.

It was evident that no cascades of wine—even though they beggared Niagara in their ruby or topaz-like curves—could overarch for me that enchanted palace, in which I desired to spend my days, and defy the adversary—Pain, Evil, Devil, Typhon, Ariman, or Sathanas, in a word, the dread foe, named or nameless, described or indescribable, of human happiness and its continuance.

Apart from all more palpable causes of suffering, man sits between Memory and Desire, between the Past and the Future, as between two rival mistresses, each dragging him toward her by [illegible] passion; whilst before [illegible] can bless him with her love, the only goddess he can really and truly possess, if indeed he can possess anything, the divine Present—and he dares not clasp the radiant virgin to his heart, dares not drive to the East nor to the West, along the interminable roads of space, the furies that torment him, madden him, and devour him, now, then, and evermore!

For my part, I said to the sad and pale brunette, the angel Preterita, and to the blonde seductive blue-eyed spirit Futura, a like farewell. The genii of Past and Future ruled the race of man—the Earth-God. But one was a rebel and an outlaw; and that one was I.

I said to the Universe, "Let me *feel* happiness, not merely dream it." And everlasting echoes from all the depths of Kosmos, even from the farthest bounds where creation, ever encroaching, borders upon awful chaos, everlasting echoes answered "DREAM!"

And I replied to the spirits of the Infinite, and demanded proudly, "Ye blind legions of monitors! where in nature is your unclouded happiness? where is your *perfection?*"

And the echoes laughed back in mockery, "*perfection!*"

Then I ceased to ask counsel of my men or spirits. For I was determined to be my own guide, and my own teacher, since all the wisdom of the world had not led to happiness. Therefore I scorned its pretensions, and derided its impotence with justice.

I became a great smoker. I purchased the rarest tobaccos and the costliest pipes. I had a perfect museum of meerschaums, narguilés, chibouques, and tubes and bowls of all sorts of shape, size, and contrivance, for the inhalation of the fragrant weed. I purchased, at extravagant prices, the choicest boxes of cigars. I smoked grandly, incessantly, infernally. The atmosphere grew dark with my smoking; at least to my imagination. I wrapped my soul in the incense of tobacco. I created worlds of fancies out of its wreathing vapors. I began to think I had found the resource I wanted, and I often exclaimed in dreamy ecstacy—"Divine Nicotiana!"* I doubted whether the vapors which inspired the Pythoness did not arise from the hookahs of the priests smoking in solemn divan in the subterranean halls of Delphi. And I gave them high credit for having so well preserved the secret they had discovered.

At the same time, like a true Turk, I took care to have the finest coffee of Mocha prepared by the most perfect machinery. I found that, after fasting, the effect of coffee upon the nerves was almost supernatural; but combined with tobacco, it was Elysian. It produced an intense state of enjoyment, during which, I would discourse with a marvellous eloquence to my adoring Mira, who was never weary of following the train of my prolific and far-stretching fantasies. How easily in this period of my madness (as I have since learned to deem it), did I unravel knots in science and philosophy, that puzzled the wise men of ages. How intuitively did I seize on combinations, whose results, in the hands of practical men, might have rendered them the acknowledged benefactors of the world, and enriched whole nations of workers! But with me, all was a reverie of selfish recreation. I created glorious plans, I foreshadowed mighty inventions, as a voluptuous exercise of the mind; I played as it were grand symphonies on the most intellectual themes, and the compositions perished with the dying sounds, like the fantasias of musicians, which are never to be repeated.

But this could not last. My powerful organization resisted for a time the exaggerated abuse of drugs, which, common though they be, are in excess, like all other substances, the deadliest poisons. Smoking destroys the appetite, and ruins the digestive powers. Its effect upon the nerves then becomes tremendous. I soon made this discovery. A neuralgic irritation attacked me, which, as I still pursued my diabolical fumigations, went on with a fearfully *crescendo* movement. Deadly sickness, of a peculiar inactive character; fits of the horrors, in which all things became repugnant, wearisome, and nauseating; ideas of suicide, and awful despondencies, descended upon me like a flight of vultures on a dying antelope. I abandoned the poisons. My prostration was complete and unbearable. I partially resumed them, and tried change of air and scene. I just recovered sufficiently to be able to suffer more acutely. I had evidently, at least temporarily, undermined my constitution. It was at this period, that, like a demon watching his occasion, opium became my comforter.

For the first time a book fell into my hands, a dangerous book, which has made many wretched: I mean "The Confessions of an English Opium-Eater." This work, as all the world knows, was written by Thomas de Quincey, an Englishman of letters, who is still living. And with regard to this De Quincey, I will mention one thing that is curious. He is intimately persuaded that he is a fragmentary poet, imbued with considerable transcendentalism. His book is extremely amusing, but the reverse of philosophical, for it arrives at no conclusion. It is an opium book in more senses than the writer would have you believe. Such as it is, however, this book was the immediate cause of my taking to opium.

Its first effects were delightful. It tranquillized my irritated nerves, and I entered, as it were, a new world of dreamy speculation. An invisible barrier seemed raised between me and the external world. Nothing troubled me, nothing annoyed me. I was on the verge of being [illegible] by a [illegible] of my wife's property. But it gave [illegible] no [illegible] passed away as it came—like [illegible] fairy. The only thing that slightly [illegible] my peaceful ecstacy of indolent [illegible] was the apprehensions of my wife. She [illegible] that opium-eating was a shocking [illegible] could not at once get reconciled [illegible]. Nor would any thing induce her, [illegible], to taste the talismanic liquid—[illegible] in bottle, as De Quincey has aptly termed it.

The effects of opium in producing dreams, so forcibly [illegible] and splendidly illustrated by that writer, [illegible] not enlarge upon. Enough to state that the number and variety of my visions were [illegible]. Ages were crowded into nights. The most monstrous and gigantic images were familiar things. Time and space were extended beyond all conception, except that of an opium-eater. Nevertheless, opium palled upon me, and the [illegible] world became almost tedious. I [illegible], an excessive dislike to the taste of [illegible], which, strange to say, increased rather than diminished. One day I returned home [illegible] vial of bright green liquid in my [illegible]. Its very color had a mystic poisonous [illegible]. How much more potent and cabalistic in its spell than the dark, thick, brown, [illegible] laudanum! It was Haschisch. Haschisch is a sort of Indian hemp (Canabis [illegible]). The liquid in the vial was an extract from its stalks. This Indian poison is mentioned in Lamartine's Vision of the Future, and in Alexandre Dumas' Monte-Cristo. Their exaggerated [illegible] apparently unexaggerated descriptions of its effects have, no doubt, caused the majority of their readers to consider this marvellous [illegible] as a mere figment of the poet and novelist's brains. It has, however, a real existence, and is in extensive demand amongst the initiated. In effect it resembles opium, but is more exhilarating, and less narcotic. I continued for a whole year to increase my doses of this new elixir of happiness, and did not find myself assaulted by any of the horrible fancies which De Quincey complains of, as the after results of opium. Like King Mithridates, I was becoming familiar with poisons, and they began to respect their master. But, though I lived as much in another world from that of ordinary mortals, as if my habitation had been in the planet Uranus, I could not escape a more terrible poison than even the hydrocianic, commonly called Prussic acid, in which, as an antidote to certain effects of the *Canabis Indicus*, I freely indulged. Ennui, the [illegible] mysterious and tyrannical malady, pursued me, even into my poison-guarded dream-world. I grew accustomed to the life; the old dreams and fancies recurred, and became tiresome. [illegible] I meditated a deeper plunge [illegible] a review, with an account of the *Arsenic-eaters* of Styria, and of the results of that mania, in heightening the personal beauty of its devotees. Certainly the pure delicacy of Mira's clear, fair complexion, left no room for improvement, except in the fancy of a madman. Nevertheless, I longed to try the effect of an arsenic varnish—if I may express myself—upon both her and my own countenance. Who could tell whether seeming more beautiful to one another, our love might not acquire new strength, and develope new sources of delight. I was in the midst of a profound reverie, or rather Haschisch dream on this subject, when I received a letter from a scientific friend, announcing the discovery of the effects of inhaling *ether*, in destroying sensation, and rendering surgical operations painless.

I thought that new light burst upon my soul. In one instant, I became a convert to an entirely new system of nervous influence. I rushed out to buy some *rectified sulphuric ether*, and a machine for inhalation. The latter consisted of a bottle, to which was attached a flexible tube, about two feet long, and two inches in diameter. I eagerly poured in some ether, and applied the funnel-like mouth-piece to my lips. After a few inspirations of the vaporized ether, I felt a most marvellous and delicious effect. I felt a stream of joyous expansion steal rapidly through my veins, even to the tips of my toes, which tingled with delight. I at once felt the vast superiority of inhaling the stimulant over swallowing it. Instead of going through the tedious process of digestion, whose functions is disturbed and impeded, as is the case of wine, the purified and refined spirit (for ether is but rectified alcohol) entered at once into the lungs, thence into the aerated blood, and thus through every part of the body with the crimson flood of impatient arteries, and so back with the blue current of the veins, to evaporate harmlessly, leaving nothing but its memory behind it!

"Hence!" I exclaimed, "wine, coffee, tobacco, opium, haschisch! away henbane, arsenic, hydrocians! Coarse and noxious stimulants, narcotics, and nerve-swindlers, who wrap the soul in cumbrous veils, that, like the robe of Dejanira, invades the life of your votaries. I am no De Quincey, I, to mock myself with vain, half realized fantasies, to stand up to the middle in Styx, and murmur vaguely—*Suspiria de profundis!*"

And now a new field opened to my researches. The world of gas spread temptingly before me. [illegible] understand the import of that word—[illegible] the emblem of emptiness. "It is all gas!" they cry. Yes, truly, every thing is gas, is, was, and ever shall be gas. The most solid and material things resolve themselves into [illegible]. A little [illegible] of one gas, a [illegible] of another, and, [illegible] all the [illegible]. All [illegible]

the exhibitions which in my youth I had witnessed of the effects of laughing gas, the inhalation of which causes the wildest intoxication, or rather exaltation of the brain, and causes those who breathe it to exhibit the most fantastic feats, illustrative of their predominant passions. If there is truth in wine, in gas there is revelation. Yet the man in whom reason is the ruling faculty, will subdue all outward indications of the mighty *afflatus*. There is a supreme gas, a gas of all gases, and its particles are souls. All other gases exist by numerical arrangement, as Pythagoras well conjectured, when he prefigured the atomic theories of modern days. But there is an ultimate atom, a gas which is the basis of all others, and without which all is vacuum.

I knew that in an atmosphere of pure oxygen, the gas essential to life, and, at the same time, the agent of all decay, the sour stuff (*sauer stoff*) as the Germans call it, an animal could live, and live with a wondrous acceleration of all the physical processes. In man this rapid consumption of matter was accompanied by an equal intensifying exultation of the mental faculties. On this fact I founded my experiments, and the result was, at length, the combination of oxygen with other gases, in an artificial atmosphere of the most astounding and admirable qualities.

To breathe this air, was to breathe positive enjoyment. It was vaporised nectar and ambrosia. Its respiration was the life of a God. But it was also the embodied *Sansar*—"the icy wind of death." No mortal could live more than a few months even in its partially diluted perfection. It was the short life and merry of the reckless popular adage, reduced to palpable embodiment.

On the other hand, this rapidity of life was only apparent. For we measure time by sensations; and the exalted powers of sensation, confirmed by breathing the wondrous gas, gave time a supernatural extension similar to the life of dreams, but free from all their shadowy indistinctness.

My resolution at once was taken. I would live and die in this glorified atmosphere. I would bid farewell to all that was earthly, without hesitation. I bought a magnificent chateau in the South of France. I furnished it by the expenditure of one-third of my fortune, in a few days, with all the luxury that imagination could suggest. I fitted up my apparatus for the production of the gas, and engaged, at the rate of some thousands of francs monthly, a young chemist of first-rate education, and superior energy and abilities. To him, I confided all the management and regulation of the apparatus, and also the absolute control of the servants, and of the whole establishment. One suite of rooms, the most splendid and with the finest prospect in the chateau, were to be my own enchanted habitation. Into these apartments, except at certain times and with due precautions, no servants were to enter. Every thing that I required was to be sent up through the floor, by means of tables that screwed up and down, by noiseless machinery. No one was to disturb me on any pretext; no letters were to be given me, and as the chemist was poor, almost starving when I first patronized him, I knew that so long as every month brought him a little fortune in itself, I might count on his absolute devotion. Beside, I deceived him as to my intention. There was only one room—the largest and most splendidly furnished in the house—which was to be actually filled with the life-accelerating gas. It communicated with other apartments by carefully constructed double doors, and of course it never entered the mind of the chemist that I intended to live and die in the deadly atmosphere which he was to create, or that, after so carefully ordering these hermetically closing double doors, I should purpose fixing them wide open, the moment I was shut up within my mysterious domicile, and thus causing the whole suite of apartments to fill with the same ethereal poison.

In other respects, the chemist was just the person I wanted; he was patient, faithful, and industrious. At the same time, he was a cold, stern man, well fitted to repress any insubordination or curiosity on the part of the household. And now all was prepared for the experiment. It only remained to persuade Mira to be my companion. For I confess that without her, even the potency of the marvellous gas must have failed in its action on my nerves. Her love had become a habit, a part of my being, I could not live or die without her.

And here let me for the first time say a few words about Mira.

She was an entirely exceptional woman. When I married her, some three years before the date of my final experiment, she was only sixteen years of age. Her beauty (I can find no newer or more intelligible image) was of the order which the finest painters strive to impart to their embodiments of angels, and beings superior to man. Its supreme loveliness was not in its delicate regularity of feature, dazzling whiteness and purity of skin, and majestic symmetry of form. All these seemed merely indispensable conditions of such an individuality. What made her irresistibly pleasing to the perceptions of an imaginative and thoughtful man, was a certain calm unalterable dignity and noble gentleness, that placed her above even the possibility of any of the meannesses and pettinesses of her sex. She had the strong mind of a man, with all the purity and softness of an exquisitely delicate female organization. In temperament she was my opposite, although [illegible]

of which she was the [illegible]. She was my only confidant, my only friend, my only real companion. [illegible] cravings for greater [illegible] love was my world, my [illegible] the more so that I [illegible] trust its possession.

That Mira loved me, was beyond [illegible], yet there was a calmness, a purity, and [illegible] even tenor in her love, that could not [illegible] sadness, and which yet in a [illegible] ed the fiery adoration with which I loved her. I would not have lost one of her kisses for all the embraces of all the beauties of the earth; and yet, to my fierce and impassioned nature, there seemed more snow upon her bosom than a poet's simile implies, more than passion would ever melt beneath its [illegible].

In the delusion of my wild, unquiet soul, which, after all, was but that of a mad poet's, astray in the deserts and ethereal forests of thought, I knew not that the [illegible] of her glorious beauty and of my delirious, because never satiated, passion, lay in the very qualities which I regretted, and which I insanely hoped to conquer by my infernal and [illegible] inventions.

To my surprise, I had no difficulty in persuading Mira to enter the enchanted atmosphere. A first trial of its [illegible] was [illegible] decisive. We gave ourselves up to the intense joy of life, to which pain, [illegible] sorrow, regret for the past or apprehension for the future, were necessarily strangers. The outer world became nothing to us. Love, exalted to a degree of power which to the breathers of common air is inconceivable, appreciation of beauty and delights which are alike inexplicable and incomprehensible, made up the sum of our existence. I pass over, therefore, the seven times seven days of our ethereal life, a period which in ideas and sensations was equivalent to the ordinary lapse of ages, and hasten onward to the extraordinary catastrophe which left me what I am—a monster, more rare and wonderful than the sphinxes and chimeras of old, my fabulous prototypes.

Nor let the reader foolishly imagine that, because memory or science give me the power of describing passion, and thereby exciting *his* sympathies, that *I* personally do or can feel any echoing vibration of the wild chords which I cause to resound. Unearthly is the music—unearthly the musician.

Opening from the grand saloon of the chateau, was a superb conservatory of more than ordinary dimensions, commanding a view of one of the most splendid landscapes in the world. In the foreground, yet not sufficiently near to intercept the view, rose from the side of the hill, on which stood the chateau, the mingled foliage of an old and primitive forest, while beyond was visible the shining stream of the Rhone, lying, like the crooked sabre of some gigantic Paladin, upon the greensward; and far, far beyond rose the bluish shadowy outlines of mountains behind which the sun would set in golden glory, that made each snow-crowned peak a throne worthy of Sathanas—"the Emperor of the furnace."

Round this conservatory were arranged a collection of strange exotic and tropical plants, so as to leave the centre unoccupied, save by a few couches, chairs, and tables, on which lay volumes of poetry and philosophy, and portfolios of exquisite engravings and drawings. This was our favorite sitting-room. It was only necessary to open the glass doors between it and the saloon, to fill it with the same enchanted air; and I may mention as a curious example of the effects of this atmosphere on vegetation, that the grapes which were quite green and hard on its first introduction, ripened perfectly in a few days, and were the largest and most luscious fruit I had ever tasted or seen. It was one of Mira's greatest enjoyments to call me to watch the camellias budding and flowering actually before our eyes! Were I in the humor, I could write a hundred pages on the wonders of vegetation with which my residence in this gas-world made me acquainted. But I refrain without difficulty. To me, no science is worth a thought.

In the centre of this hall of crystal stood a white marble statue of Minerva, the only statue in which that goddess has ever been represented entirely without drapery. The figure was Mira's. I myself modelled it during the first year of our marriage, and it was carved by one of the most eminent French sculptors, who afterward died mad from a hopeless passion for the original. The fountain sprang from and formed the foliage of a glass tree stem, against which she leant, whilst the point of her spear drooped earthward from her arm, as if languid with the warfare against folly. Her head alone was covered with a helmet, which imparted a singular charm to the divine beauty of Mira's countenance.

At length, one day, toward evening, after seven weeks of solitude and happiness, which no Paradise could more than realize, a fatal accident destroyed at once our enjoyment, our experiment in science, and our lives. Yes—I learned it afterward—we were killed by the [illegible] accident. My chemist, who managed the gas-generating apparatus, forgot to examine the metre at the proper time. The gas continued to enter in unprecedented volumes, and its effects were speedily perceptible.

We were seated in our favorite place in the conservatory, our eyes turned toward the setting sun, listening to the swelling and harmonious cadences of [illegible]

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* [illegible]

[illegible]ad—I remember no more. When I recovered possession, not of my senses, but of my consciousness, I was still seated upon the sofa, on which the angel of death had surprised us, whilst on the marble pavement, at full length, her face turned upward with an expression of supernatural felicity, lay Mira—Mira, my wife, friend, and goddess—the fairest and noblest of women. She was dead.

Mira was dead. That was evident. But what was I? I rose, and regarded curiously the culpable chemist, who, having discovered his oversight, had hurried too late to our rescue. He had thrown wide open the windows of the conservatory. I inhaled the common air of the sky. But, though I breathed and moved, however incredible may appear the statement of a fact, hitherto unknown to science, I was to all intents and purposes as much a dead person as Mira herself. That is to say, I was dead to all sensation, emotion, passion, or by whatever other phrase may be described the action of the external world upon the sensitive being. It is true, I could hear, see, feel, taste, and smell, but such sensations had no longer any influence upon me either in causing dissatisfaction or satisfaction. My sensations were mere facts to my consciousness, and no more. Mira was dead, that was a fact. She lay there, pale and beautiful, before me—a fact. I myself had lost the half of my life—a fact. The chemist, who was the author of these hideous calamities, as men would say, stood trembling before me—another fact. In a word, I was a *living corpse*. One class of nerves, the nerves of sympathetic sensation, appeared either paralyzed, or exhausted of their circulating fluid. Love and anger were no longer my attributes. I had reached, truly, and at one stride, the *centre of indifference* told of by some philosophers. But it was a centre of indifference which they talk of without understanding. I did not understand it—*I was in it*.

The chemist stood pallid and trembling before me. He was a cold, unimpassioned, little, impressionable man. But in the presence of my dead eye and marble rigidity of feature, he trembled involuntarily. No doubt he mistook my absence of emotion for some tremendous effect of internal passion. He evidently dreaded an explosion of a terrible nature. But I merely said:

"She is dead—you are no longer wanted—go."

For one moment he looked at me, with a most extraordinary expression, then, overwhelmed by the icy look with which I covered him, he departed in silence.

I remembered that his salary from the beginning was unpaid. Nor had he ever the courage to ask for it. Of course I could have no motive in sending it to him. The happiness of others was to me no longer a possible subject of interest. A man takes no interest in others, who can take none in himself. The chemist, driven to despair by poverty, committed suicide in the course of the same year.

At the end of a week, the body of Mira was buried. In the mean time, from physical habit, as it appeared, I one day took up a book—a volume of poetry. It was no longer poetry to me, but a collection of signs representing certain phenomena. A book of arithmetic was to me of precisely equal interest.

I had eaten and drank nothing since the great catastrophe, though I had been urged to do so by people to whose entreaties and pity I was alike indifferent. But, remarking that my body was wasting away, I ate a measured quantity, which I continued to do regularly afterward, though without any appetite or enjoyment.

I had reason and power of command over my body as much as ever. But those operations which formerly were the result of impulse, I had now to perform as pure acts of will. The only reason why I did not quietly await death, was a clear intellectual consciousness of the fact that I was in an abnormal state, and that it was also possible that I should return to the natural conditions of humanity.

Without being a desire, the discovery of the means of effecting this change became my only object; and in order to attain what, in reality, I cared nothing about (the contradiction is only apparent), I spent years in trying the most extraordinary experiments in natural science ever imagined. Perfectly indifferent to the success or non-success of my experiments, I yet worked on. If I might be said to have anything left resembling a desire, it was a passionless inclination toward abstract truth, which seemed to be a sort of mechanico-spiritual law of my being. But to compare this mere gravitation toward an abstract centre, to the ardent enthusiasm of ordinary men of science, would be absurd. And here, I recognise the impossibility of conveying to a living man the impression of a corpse. Therefore I abandon further attempt at illustration.

Perhaps one fact may explain more than much analysis. After some years, during which time I made numerous scientific discoveries of the most remarkable character, I lighted upon the secret. I had it in my power at any moment to return to life, to rise again from the dead, and once more to share the passions and cares of men. But I had no motive to change my condition. I remained a corpse. The discovery was to me—a fact.

Why should I again inhale the gas of happiness and destruction, why revive to an existence that would be a type of the fabled hells of legendary lore? Mira is dead. I am a living corpse; and I the only being bearing the shape of man who could ever honestly declare himself to be *perfectly contented with his lot*.

— The Rev. Mr. Bowen, in his third and last lecture on Africa, made the remarkable and encouraging statement that in some districts of that country, under the influence of Christianity and civilization, "the people now refuse to sell slaves, as they need them all for making palm oil!" A most pious and philanthropic idea, truly. And, since whales are getting to be very scarce, who knows but if Christianity and Civilization (aided, perhaps, by a little chemistry) should progress a step further, that the poor negroes may also be used for making sperm oil? If so, what a relief [illegible] this simple mode of disposing of "that class of chattels called Africans," and thus [illegible] slavery, would be to the Colonization and Tract Societies!

The Saturday Press.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 23, 1858.

EDITORIAL.

If anybody has a right to say "We," it is the occupant of our editorial chair; for when, in the pride of our heart, we ordered that solemn piece of furniture, and detailed the various mysterious attributes it must possess, our worthy and simple-minded cabinetmaker, observing that we always addressed him in the first person plural, so constructed the machine (for it really is a machine) that it should accommodate not merely our own editorial corpus, which of itself is rather bulky, but our whole editorial corps.

For this, then, if for no other reason, we assume at once the prescriptive "We," and use it not as signifying, according to Webster, "men in general, including the speaker," but the speaker alone excluding men in general.

And while so doing, we may as well reply in advance to all inquiries as to the editorship of the SATURDAY PRESS, by the simple if not satisfactory statement, that it is edited solely and exclusively by "Us."

And now a word as to our mode of editing.

Not long since we heard a distinguished lawyer of this city remark that he thought it would be a great improvement in our city newspapers if they would abolish their editorial department entirely, and devote the space it occupies to useful information or to the lucubrations of sensible men. The remark was rather a startling one, but on being explained it struck us that our friend was more than half right. At any rate, we are indebted to him for a very valuable hint, acting upon which we will here inform the readers of the SATURDAY PRESS, that while it will doubtless contain as much valuable matter as any other journal, it will not give up its editorial columns on the one hand to lengthy political articles (in which nobody that we know of takes any interest), nor, on the other, to pedantic disquisitions on subjects—European politics and the like—concerning which our editors and the public at large are, and might as well remain, wholly ignorant.

The one aim of the paper will be to furnish its readers with as great a variety as possible of interesting facts, leaving him the privilege of making his own comments.

With political matters, we shall have very little to do. The common supposition that the reading public are chiefly interested in the squabbles of politicians, is as unfounded as that in matters of fiction they have no taste except for flash stories. The truth is that they have been bored to death with both. Most of our newspapers, filled as they are with such trash, would appear to be edited for the exclusive benefit of hack-politicians and servant girls; two very numerous classes of people, no doubt, and one of them (the second) sufficiently intelligent; but whatever their deserts they hardly deserve so much attention from the press, for there still remains a large portion of the community who at least have some claims to consideration, though they happen to care nothing about "Bleeding Kansas," and have never read a line of "The Pirate's Revenge."

Among this class, there is demand especially for a more complete report of what is doing in the world of letters. This demand we shall do our best to meet, and by this means, and the publication of well-written stories, such as appear in the best English Reviews, and latterly in the "Atlantic Monthly" and "Harper's Magazine," we hope to make at least a readable paper.

A VERY PRETTY QUARREL AS IT STANDS.

The paternity of the following poetical attack upon Bulwer, from the pages of *Punch*, is claimed for Tennyson:

THE NEW TIMON AND THE POETS.

We know him out of Shakespeare's art,
And those fine curses which he spoke:
The old Timon with his noble heart,
That, strongly loathing, greatly broke.

So died the Old: here comes the New.
Regard him: a familiar face:
I *thought* we knew him: what, it's you,
The padded man—that wears the stays!

Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
With dandy pathos when you wrote,
A Lion you, that made a noise,
And shook a mane *en papillotes*.

And once you tried the muses too;
You fail'd, Sir: therefore now you turn;
You fall on those who are to you
As Captain is to Subaltern.

But men of long-enduring hopes,
And careless what this hour may bring,
Can pardon little would-be Popes
And Brummels when they try to sting.

An artist, Sir, should rest in Art,
And waive a little of his claim;
To have the deep poetic heart
Is more than all poetic fame.

But you, Sir, you are hard to please;
You never look but half content:
Nor like a gentleman at ease,
With moral breadth of temperament.

And what with spites and what with fears,
You cannot let a body be:
It's always ringing in your ears,
"They call this man as good as *me*."

What profits now to understand
The merits of a spotless shirt,
A dapper boot—a little hand,
If half the little soul is dirt!

You talk of tinsel! why, we see
The old mark of rouge upon your cheeks;
You prate of Nature! you are he
That spilt his life about the cliques.

A Timon you! Nay, nay, for shame:
It looks too arrogant a jest—
The fierce old man—to take *his* name,
You bandbox. Off, and let him rest.

—*Alcibiades.*

The short poem in Tennyson's Works, called "The Character," is also intended for Bulwer. Tennyson has left this in his latest edition. It may acquire a new significance for some of our readers, when they learn for whom it is intended. We therefore reprint it entire.

A CHARACTER.

With a half glance upon the sky
At night he said, "The wanderings
Of this most intricate Universe
Teach me the nothingness of things."
Yet could not all creation pierce
Beyond the bottom of his eye.

He spake of beauty: that the dull
Saw no divinity in grass,
Life in dead stones, or spirit in air;
Then looking as 't were in a glass,
He smooth'd his chin and sleek'd his hair,
And said the earth was beautiful.

He spake of virtue: not the gods
More purely, when they wish to charm
Pallas and Juno sitting by:
And with a sweeping of the arm,
And a lack-lustre dead-blue eye,
Devolved his rounded periods.

Most delicately, hour by hour,
He canvass'd human mysteries,
And trod on silk, as if the winds
Blew his own praises in his eyes,
And stood aloof from other minds
In impotence of fancied power.

With lips depress'd as he were meek,
Himself unto himself he sold:
Upon himself himself did feed:
Quiet, dispassionate, and cold,
And other than his form of creed,
With chisell'd features clear and sleek.

The moving cause of these attacks were some lines in the first two or three editions of the "New Timon," which was published some ten or twelve years ago, anonymously, but which Bulwer afterwards acknowledged. The lines containing the attack upon Tennyson, and the note, have been omitted in all the editions which appeared with Bulwer's name as author. To give both sides, we publish the offending extract:

"[illegible]

The [illegible]
If to old [illegible]
If the old, [illegible]
Where [illegible]
In the pure silver of [illegible]
Or where the pulse of man [illegible]
In the frank flow of Dryden's [illegible]
Let school-miss Alfred vent her [illegible]
On 'darling little rooms so warm [illegible]
Chaunt 'I'm aweary' in infectious [illegible]
And catch her 'blue fly singing i' [illegible]
Tho' praised by critics, tho' admired [illegible]
The Fool with pudding pleases the [illegible]
Tho' Theban taste the Saxon's [illegible]
And pensions Tennyson while [illegible]
Rather be thine, my poor Pindar [illegible]
Decent, at least, in Hayley's weeds [illegible]
Than patch with frippery [illegible]
And faunt, admir'd, the [illegible]

In a note, quoting "O, darling room, my heart's delight," he adds: "The whole of this poem (!!) is worth reading, in order to see to what depths of silliness the human mind can descend. The most that can be said of Mr. Tennyson is, that he is the favorite of a small circle: to the mass of the public little more than his name is known. He has moved no thousands; he has created no world of characters; he has labored out no deathless truths, nor enlarged our knowledge of the human heart, by the delineation of various and elevating passions; he has lent a stout shoulder to no sinking, but manly cause, dear to the nation and to art. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ.*" That Bulwer saw he was wrong, and repented, he has shown by suppressing the passage. Bulwer has less right now, than ever, to write so of Tennyson. Our boys read Bulwer as they go to see the pantomime, and at the happy age, before they have learned of pathos, or rant, or fustian, are equally charmed with either entertainment.

THE GREAT FIGHT.

It is not often that any of our enterprising newspapers are behind-hand where there is anything like a row in prospect. If there is to be a fight between Wilkes and Russell, between Walbridge and Sickles, between Morrissey and Heenan, between Johnson and Jobson, between Branch and Tiemann, or any such people, they are on the spot in full force with such a corps of reporters as the world never before saw. Nor are they a whit less watchful when the parties to a squabble of any kind are private characters.

De Rivière and Blunt interest them as much as Walbridge and Sickles. The details, enhanced by all the tricks of art, are published with a fidelity equalled only by their scurrility. Nothing short of a hanging interests them so much; they make as much out of them (almost) as out of a great public calamity, like the burning of the *Austria*. And when there is a dearth of such things, the taste of the public for them is ministered to by "blood and thunder stories," and other inventions too numerous and too wicked to mention.

But this time we have caught them napping. In their intense desire to excel each other in their reports of the late prize-fight, they have wholly overlooked one of the most interesting, because one of the most brutal and sanguinary private combats which has taken place in our city since the Revival. We, however—we of the SATURDAY PRESS—with our instincts sharpened by the idea of successful competition with our older contemporaries, were fortunate enough the other day to get wind of the affair, and accordingly dispatched to the spot (the Five Points), our six principal reporters, from whose graphic accounts we have made up a full report, which will be found in another column.

MACKAY ON SPITTOONS.

Mr. Charles Mackay, who as as our readers like ourselves had probably forgotten, made a flying trip through this country, some time since, in charge of a distinguished Dead Head, is out in a late number of the *Illustrated London News*, with a jeremiad on the American custom of chewing and spitting. The only redeeming thing about the article, is that it is not written in verse. In other respects, it is characterized by the author's usual feebleness. But the man really deserves pity. Throughout all his travels, from Maine to Georgia, he seems to have seen nothing but spittoons. Spittoons in the hall, spittoons in the parlor, spittoons in church, spittoons in Congress, spittoons in court, spittoons

Up-stairs, down-stairs,
In my lady's chamber,

and when the distinguished man lectured on the poetry of England, Scotland, and Charles Mackay, nothing but Col. Fuller and a congenial collection of spittoons to welcome him. What with this, and the universal red hot stove, the poor fellow was literally roasted and spitted. His sufferings, like those of General Jackson, were intolerable. He had seen his own countrymen filthy beyond expression in the use of snuff, taking it with a spoon instead of the finger and thumb, and slobbering themselves all over with it; but this he had got used to. Possibly he had the habit himself. He had lived most of his life (until he came to America), in the neighborhood of streets the stench from which would instantly suffocate any body but a Scotchman; but to this, he had got acclimated. The one thing he couldn't stand, was tobacco-chewing. This so shocked his nerves, that for a time he could neither rhyme nor reason. His moral system became (and at last accounts remained) completely prostrated.

How he ever got back to the old country, nobody knows, and, which is more, nobody cares. The only people who sympathized with him here, were the ladies, who did everything for him except attend his lectures; they went so far as to promise him to have nothing to do with tobacco chewers hereafter (beyond marrying them), and to aid him in all other ways in his crusade against the spittoon. They evidently looked upon him as the most begrimed and bespit-upon man in the country, and therefore helped him in every way to return home as soon as might be, like Dickens, and get cleaned. But, alas! he is still in a suffering condition, and in his dear old Glasgow (the dirtiest city in the world), and on the banks of the dear old Thames (the dirtiest river), pours out night and day his dismal lamentations, crying out, like the leper of old, "*Unclean! Unclean!*"

— THE HON. HORACE MANN, in his recent lecture on the "Relation between Colleges and the People," says, among other equally felicitous things, that he regards every young man who can control his appetite, and who obeys all the laws of longevity, as already "*half gentleman, half hero, and half Christian;*" from which it would seem that the youth who has fulfilled these simple conditions, though he is neither an entire gentleman, an entire hero, nor an entire Christian, is nevertheless, by a miraculous combination of these characters, not only an entire man, *but a man and a half*.

— It is proposed to create two new officials in the Fire Department, one of whom shall have a thousand dollars a year for overseeing repairs, and the other two thousand dollars for repairing overseers. Verily, we live in strange and circumlocutionary times.

— Bayard Taylor arrived on Wednesday, in the Saxonia, after an absence of two years and a half. He was accompanied by his wife and child. Mr. Taylor intends to devote the Winter to lecturing, after which he purposes erecting a mansion on his estate in Pennsylvania, where he will permanently reside. In common with all his friends, we hope that he has ceased to eat of the Lotos, and that his wanderings are over. We shall [illegible] see before long his experiences of Northern Europe, in prose and poetry. Mr. Taylor lectures on the 28th inst., at the Mercantile Library. His subject, [illegible].

— The People of Berks county, Pa., [illegible] Dutch Democrats, having decided that [illegible] him the mission to Austria.

— In order to settle all disputes on such matters in the future, it has been suggested that a general agreement be entered into throughout the civilized world, to the effect that all inventions and discoveries (comets excepted), which have been made during the last fifty years, or which shall hereafter be made, until further notice, be attributed, without appeal, to Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston (the admitted inventor of ether, chloroform, Christianity, thunder-and-lightning, etc.), that omniscient gentleman having generously consented to the plan, out of regard for the cause of Science. The only honor it would reflect on New York, would be derived from the fact that Dr. Jackson—like all the other prominent men in the country—was taught the rudiments of Science, by Mr. Stephen H. Branch.

— We understand that the Dusseldorf School contemplates establishing a branch in this city. Their intention, we are informed, is to have Leutze and some of his best pupils come over, and remain until the experiment shall have succeeded. Their desire is to infuse the German element into American art. If they carry out their intention, it will add a new and very interesting feature to the artistic attractions of the city. The finished and carefully accurate style of drawing by the German school, is needed as a balance to the careless rapidity, which out of the Pre-Raphaelite band, characterizes the English, and is too much the fault of our own artists.

— The Hon. Horace F. Clark, M.C., is under "apprehension that our system of Government will not survive another generation, unless the House of Representatives is established upon a surer foundation than that upon which it now seems to rest." The idea is too terrible for comment; the only consolation is, that our Government, according to the politicians, has always been on the eve of going to pieces, whenever an election was at hand. We are not without a faint hope that it may yet survive, at any rate, our own generation.

— The press in Vienna has been forbidden to make any remarks upon the Germanic Diet, which is execrably bad, or upon the two court theatres, which are a great deal worse, under some terrible dietetic penalty, on the one hand, such as being put on short allowance of sour krout, and on the other, some fearful dramatic penalty, such as being compelled to sit through an opera, composed by a crowned prince.

[For the Saturday Press.]

SIXES AND SEVENS.

It was Saturday evening. I had just dined at Delmonico's. Meanwhile the city had undergone such a change that it didn't know me. I hardly knew myself.

Union Square, tired of gazing at the statue of Washington, had coolly walked down Broadway and relieved the Battery, which was only too glad to exchange places with it, and which proceeded to consort with the pretty nursery maids of the quarter, as it had kept such company all its life.

Distracted omnibuses, turned upside down, with their wheels whizzing in the air, were dragging their reversed and refractory horses in every direction in search of the old localities.

An endless file of men and women, most of them standing on their heads, were dancing up and down the sidewalks, and leaping over, under, and through each other in inextricable confusion.

Fire engine No. 9 was winging its way through the heavens like a flying machine, with two hundred men and boys in red shirts streaming behind it like the tail of a comet.

Taylor's saloon was standing, roof down, in the middle of the street, and an infuriated policeman was ordering it to get on its legs and go home.

This spectacle making me hungry, I walked into the chimney of the building, and was drawn up by suction to the gilded eating room, where I at once ordered hard boiled potatoes and mashed eggs, which were immediately brought to me by a ballet girl, whom I had seen the night before at Laura Keene's, smoking a hornpipe. The room was full of people eating the daily newspapers and reading dry toast and mutton-chops. Mr. Taylor was standing behind the counter near the door, distributing money to all the customers as they passed out. Having requested a napkin, the ballet girl offered me her handkerchief, on declining which and explaining concisely what I wanted, she brought me an umbrella. I then ordered coffee, when, with incredible despatch, an extremely civil waiter laid before me the neatest of all possible coffeepots, containing the most delicious mocha ever drank out of Turkey, a silver pitcher filled with the purest country milk, boiling hot, and an ample supply of rolls and butter, which would do credit to Paris, though no credit can be got for them in New York.

In a word, I was drunk.

On leaving Taylor's, and receiving from that liberal gentleman my share of the money he was so lavishly distributing, I proceeded, as directly as I could under the circumstances, to Burton's theatre, where I saw Rev. Dr. Bellows performing the part of Toodles in The Serious Family, after which he danced a Highland fling with Madamoiselle L'Amoreux. Both performances were received with immense delight by a crowded house composed of the cream of society, which, strange to say, stood the heat of the atmosphere without curdling. I noticed that Rev. Mr. Tyng and Capt. de Rivière occupied one of the private boxes, while another was devoted to Henry Ward Beecher and Patrick Hearn. The newspaper critics, headed by Mr. Fry, were located at the back of the stage, and spent the evening smoking champagne and drinking real cigars, in which they were joined from time to time by the actors and actresses, who were summoned in a shrill voice by Deacon Hallock, the famous call-boy.

At the close of the entertainment, there was a loud call for Mr. Beecher, who came forward and sung a comic song.

To sum up, everything throughout the evening was conducted on the most liberal and approved principles, and (Mr. Bellows being a Unitarian) without a single violation of the "Unities."

In a word, I was very drunk.

From the theatre I started for my room, No. 896 Atlantic street, Brooklyn, and being in haste took the Staten Island ferry boat, which, owing to some confusion on the part of the pilot, deposited me at quarantine landing, where, in company with George W. Curtis, whom I met in the ladies' cabin, I was arrested on the charge of having aided and abetted in the burning of the hospital. My own participation in that event, however, having been disproved by the fact, of which I had evidence about me, that when it occurred I was in an Insane Asylum (which ought also to be burnt), I was promptly liberated the next morning and sent up to the city in charge of a benevolent fruit-woman, whom I fell furiously in love with, and was only prevented from marrying on the spot (wherever that was) by the fact that she had a husband and six full grown children, all alive and flourishing—on Blackwell's Island.

In other words, I was not yet sober.

On tearing myself away from the fruit-woman, having first accepted her whole stock of apples, and given my watch in exchange, I resolved to go straight home, but having taken the Fourth Avenue cars at the Park, found myself in a few moments, owing to the treachery of the conductor, who never touched at Brooklyn at all, in front of Dr. Bellows' church, which looked so much like a theatre that I entered it at once, and found Burton in the pulpit holding forth to a congregation of clergymen in defence of the Church. On looking about me, I found that nearly every clergyman in the city was present, and was told by the one who sat next to me (Dr. Osgood) that their respective pulpits were occupied for this day only by leading metropolitan actors, Dr. Tyng's by Jordan, Dr. Hawks's by Jefferson, Dr. Springs' by Willard, Dr. Potts' by Laura Keene, Dr. Osgood's by Blake, etc.; the only theatrical stars who had declined, being Miss Fisher, the elder Wallack, [illegible] without being paid for it.

I regretted not having been able to hear Jefferson (called, since his clerical performance, Awful Jefferson) and Blake, who are said to have been very solemn on the occasion; but it was something to have heard Burton, who treated his subject with a skill and pathos worthy of his great ancestor, the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy."

The eloquent comedian commenced his performance with the remark that the common prejudice against the Church, was to a great extent unfounded. It was his opinion that despite its faults, it had been of great use to mankind. Church-going might, indeed, like anything else, be carried to excess, though he knew several persons who had indulged in it four or five times a week for many years, and were nevertheless very good citizens. He considered that although pulpit performances were sometimes of a questionable character, still it was not to be denied on the other hand that they often had a high moral tendency. Moreover he had observed that although the usual modes of applause were forbidden in churches, still the audience always contrived to manifest their delight at the expression of any noble or generous sentiment. This was an encouraging sign, which, in his opinion, preachers would do well to profit by. The charge that clergymen were inferior to other men in manliness and purity of character, he considered to be somewhat exaggerated. It was true that they were brought before the courts for criminal conduct oftener than the members of his own profession, but then we should consider their peculiar education and the temptations to which they were exposed, and judge them with more lenity. Besides, in this respect, there had been considerable improvement in late years, although he regretted to observe, that when any of them had fallen by the way, there was always a diseased curiosity on the part of the public to hear them preach. This he considered to be a direct encouragement to vice, as a preacher often acquired a popularity by committing a faux pas which he never could have acquired in the more direct line of his duty. Mr. Burton wound up his very sensible discourse by suggesting that if men and women of the world—actors, actresses, ballet girls, prize-fighters, editors, Bohemians, etc.,—would only attend church now and then (and they would soon get used to it), the effect would be to liberalize the character of sermons, to improve the quality of pulpit oratory, and to elevate and ennoble the clerical character.

The services having concluded with a Doxology, Mr. Burton descended from the pulpit, and was immediately surrounded by a large number of eminent clergymen, who congratulated him on the success of his effort, promised him to do what they could in the way of reform, expressed the hope that he and his associates would encourage them in their good resolutions by attending church oftener, and finally invited him to a public dinner to be given at an early day at Tammany Hall, in celebration of the union between Church and Stage. Mr. Burton accepted the invitation—getting leave to extend it to his friends, Jefferson, Blake, etc.,—and then went home to dine with Dr. Potts, who at once despatched a note to James Gordon Bennett, and Horace Greeley, inviting their presence at a small card party, in the evening.

Determined now to find my way home as soon as possible, I put myself under the protection of Dolly Davenport, whom I found in a back pew of the church, reading the Bible, and the next day at five P. M., woke up and found myself in—Jersey City.

This completely sobered me, whereupon I instantly resolved not to go to Delmonico's again for a year; a resolution which I kept until yesterday, when I took another dinner there, immediately after which (to show that I was in a perfectly clear state of mind), I wrote the above authentic narrative, now offered, with the compliments of the occasion, for insertion in the first number of the SATURDAY PRESS.

Yours as much as anybody's,

A BOHEMIAN.

DRAMATIC FEUILLETON.

LAURA KEENE'S.—THE NEW COMEDY.

I declare, that some day or other—when I have found a manager of weak mind who will produce it—I will write a comedy of modern life, which shall be constructed on the following principles:—I will have my nobleman a virtuous honest person, who has never been a seducer or a fop, and who is not the victim of any impending disclosure relative to his past life. My lawyer shall be a decent man, whose enjoyment in life does not altogether consist of absorbing the nobleman's property and enveloping him in a network of mortgages and promissory notes. I will construct a Yankee who shall be a well-conducted, well-spoken young man, dressing like other people, behaving himself properly in a drawingroom, not spitting on the carpet—a Yankee who is not preternaturally "cute," who does not expose all the bad people, and reward all the good, and who on no occasion alludes to himself as "a tarnation critter," or, "this child." My mother—with marriageable daughters—will not be "a manager" or "a campaigner," and will treat the deserving young lover in moderate circumstances with courtesy. One of her daughters shall marry the rich man whom her family wishes her to marry, and, what is more, marry him willingly. The other shall refuse to elope with the ruthless villain who plans her destruction. The young fashionable man of the piece shall speak without a lisp. The soubrette shall be civil and incorruptible. I will have no lost wills turning up in the last act. The people who are rich in the first act shall keep their wealth, and remain wealthy at the fall of the curtain. In short, I will write a piece so natural, so unstrained, so correct in its delineation of what occurs in every day life, that I am certain unless I find a manager of unusually weak intellect, the public will never have an opportunity of knowing how I succeed.

I am driven to this desperate resolve—he who becomes a dramatic author in New York must, indeed, be desperate—by having witnessed, for these last few years, a succession of comedies and dramas all founded upon the same model. Everything going wrong in the first act, everything going right in the last. I am weary of the nobleman in difficulties, weary of the fashionable mother who is always match-making, of the sleek attorney always cheating, of the young swell always lisping. It is continual partridge on the stage. By way of a change, give me even a piece of ostrich.

Miss Laura Keene produced at her theatre, on last Monday evening, a comedy in three acts, said on the bills to be

"By Mister Tom Taylor, of London, in Middlesex, England,"

As the statement would run, when placed in that agreeable hexameter measure in which Mr. Longfellow versifies that portion of the Directory of the period, where the address of Mr. Miles Standish's ancestor is given. This latest and most astonishing production of the English dramatist, might have been turned out of a machine. Mr. Babbage exhibited, in London, an apparatus, which, on the twisting of a crank, ground out very tolerable Latin verses, no two exactly alike. Can it be possible, that the author of "Still Waters," has such a machine adapted to comedy, with which he intends to supply the American market?

Mr. Taylor's Comedy is entitled, "Our American Cousin," the following is my general impression of the plot:—

We find Sir Edward Trenchard—"a Hampshire baronet" the bills call him, just as one would say "a Newtown Pippin"—residing, naturally enough, at Trenchard Manor, where, at the time of the rising of the curtain, the people necessary to carry the piece on are assembled. The principal personages when ticked off may be presented thus,—

SIR EDWARD TRENCHARD.—melancholy baronet with sprightly daughter—Supposed to be rich, but is in reality embarrassed—Property heavily mortgaged to one Coyle, a lawyer—Manners funereal.—Dress solemn and unexplained.

FLORENCE TRENCHARD.—Sprightly daughter, who does the ship, the merry laugh, and the shaking curls business. In love with a penniless Lieutenant in the Navy. Dress—white tarletane.

LIEUT. VERNON.—Penniless lieutenant in a midshipman's jacket: color, ultramarine. Is particularly anxious for a ship in the first act. I was in hopes he'd get it in that act, and go away in it, and be drowned. Gets it in the second act, and doesn't go away in it at all. Manners nautical in the highest degree. He throws out his grappling irons when he embraces Florence. Runs across the bows of several persons. Is always within hail when a female gives the signal of distress, and makes his exit with that step peculiar to theatrical mariners when they retire after the hornpipe.

LORD DUNDREARY.—Foolish English aristocrat, who speaks with a lisp, dresses preposterously, and is laughed at and snubbed by everybody. Perfect picture of the English lord. They are all fools, all lisp, and are always made butts of.

COYLE.—The villanous attorney. The usual black designs and gaiters.

ABEL MURCOTT (Coyle's clerk).—Has seen better days. Been once in love with the sprightly daughter. Kicked out of Trenchard manor when the passion was discovered. Took to drink. Became Coyle's factotum. Knows all Coyle's secrets. Dress, dilapidated; nose, red.

ASA TRENCHARD.—The live yankee. One of those persons that one meets with at every step in Massachusetts or Vermont. Conversation runs continually on eels, snakes, alligators, stone fences, mint juleps, hoss-flys, punkin pies, chowder, and such like national institutions. Makes himself at home in strange mansions by insulting all the guests, abusing the food, and talking familiarly to the servants. Gets the better of everybody in conversation. Will be at once recognized as the perfect type of a Vermont gentleman of fortune travelling in Europe.

MARY MEREDITH.—Poor relation of the Trenchards. Keeps a dairy. Milk and modesty, butter and beauty, candor and cream cheese.

Fashionable matchmaking Mother, fashionable heartless Daughters, funny Servants, etc.

EVENTS.—Sir Edward Trenchard's brother emigrates to America in consequence of his sister having married one Meredith, a man beneath her in rank, against his consent; and finding in that country a branch of the Trenchard family settled in Vermont, leaves, in dying, his property in England to his young American relative Asa—thus disinheriting his sister's child, Mary Meredith, who, in consequence, makes butter. Asa arrives at Trenchard manor, being invited to stay there while he is arranging the business of his inheritance. One of his first proceedings on entering the house, is, when luncheon is served, to rush to the table before any of the guests, take the covers off the dishes, tell his hosts that it's "a dreadful mean set out," send the butler to gather mint in the garden, despatch Miss Florence to the housekeeper's room for sugar and brandy, and then and there, in the presence of ladies, and in the best drawing-room of Trenchard manor, he proceeds to make mint juleps. Having, by these proceedings, instructed his hosts in the manners and habits of an American gentleman, he commences instantly to poke his nose into everybody's business. Discovers that Sir Edward is hard up, and in the power of Coyle, who threatens him with ruin if he does not give him the hand of his daughter, the sprightly Florence; finds out that the penniless lieutenant in the ultramarine jacket wants most desperately to marry Florence and get a ship; fathoms the various hypocrisies of the fashionable mother and the heartless daughters; rummages out the fact that Sir Edward is not, after all, in Coyle's power, but only apparently so—Coyle having concealed a document which reinstates the baronet in his wealth; falls in love with Mary Meredith, the right heir to the property he inherited, and is captivated with such a divinity of dairies. Apparently contented with having done everything that he ought not to have done, he suddenly makes amends by commencing to do everything which he could not, by any possibility, be expected to do. He gets the penniless lieutenant the much-longed for ship; he burns old Trenchard's will, and thus constitutes Mary Meredith an heiress; he makes Coyle drunk in the wine-cellar of Trenchard manor; robs him of his private keys, discovers the important paper, and restores Sir Edward Trenchard to Hampshire and to himself; he gets Murcott the drunkard, Coyle's place as agent to the Trenchard estate; he exposes and defeats the managing mother and heartless daughters; and having arranged the entire company in couples round the stage, after the supposed way in which Noah arranged his guests in the ark, the curtain falls on everybody being engaged to be married to everybody.

It is giving Mr. Jefferson the highest praise to say, that he made so utterly worthless and conventional a piece pleasing to the audience. On his shoulders the entire fate of the comedy rested, and he succeeded in bringing it through beyond all anticipation. Exaggerated as the type of character which he sustained—that of Asa—undoubtedly was, there was a praiseworthy effort on his part to soften the glaring coloring and infuse a little nature into the distorted picture. His costume, instead of being the odious conventional dress of the stage yankee, had about it a mere indication of that character. In one or two scenes of a serious nature, Mr. Jefferson gave indications of a pathetic quality for which I had not given him credit.

Mr. Sothern, as Lord Dundreary, was, perhaps, all that the author intended. He talked as no one ever talked; dressed as no one ever dressed; and bore with insults that few would have borne with. I would assure Mr. Sothern that there is no part so profitless to the actor as such parts as that of Lord Dundreary. Any one can play them: nor is there any scope for one actor proving himself better than another.

With the exception of Mr. Couldock's rendering of the sketchy part of Abel Murcott, which was forcible and well-conceived, I have nothing pleasant to say about the rest of the characters. Miss Keene's performance of the part of Florence was vapid in the extreme. Miss Wells, as Mrs. Mountchessington, the fashionable mother, pitched her naturally high voice so very high, that it was painful to listen to her: she seemed to be penetrated, in fact, vocally with the lesson inculcated in Mr. Longfellow's "Excelsior."

I would respectfully remark to the gentleman who sustained the part of Lieut. Vernon, that the uniform of an English lieutenant in the navy does not consist of a short jacket of ultramarine merino, and a nondescript cap with a gold band. Ten minutes search at any print shop on Broadway would have furnished him with a colored design of the proper uniform, and saved him from presenting himself in an attire which was not alone incorrect but ridiculous.

"Our American Cousin," in spite of all these drawbacks, was greatly relished by the audience, and may be pronounced successful: a result, however, which I persist in attributing entirely to Mr. Jefferson's exceedingly quaint performance.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—DANCE'S COMEDY.

This charming little theatre resembles those cabinet pictures which artists tell you, you can admire through a microscope, the execution is so fine, the details so minutely carried out, the art so well concealed. Fitfully brilliant as was Mr. Stuart's management of this pleasant place of amusement, during the past season, yet I felt on Mr. Wallack's re-opening a sense of security in the hands that held the reins, which no other manager in the city could inspire. The drill of the company is so perfect, the dramatic machinery moves so smoothly. There is elegance, but there is also strength. A touch of dandyism, but, under the dandyism, there is muscle. So, in the emotionless lounger, in Hyde Park, all the exterior is perfumed and carefully tailored, yet, on occasion, he can ride over a six-foot wall, lead a charge up the heights of the Alma, or hit from the shoulder like Cribb or Molyneux. It is with no feeling of ingratitude to the out-going lessee, that I express my pleasure at seeing Mr. Wallack once more in the managerial chair at the corner of Broome street. To Mr. Stuart the public is indebted for much delightful entertainment, and he bore himself with extraordinary liberality and gallantry during a season of unexampled melancholy and distaste. Generous to dramatic authors, and unusually amiable to artists, he certainly leaves none but pleasant memories behind him. But, somehow, Mr. Wallack belongs to that theatre. He rescued it from rapid decay, and made it a theatre, which, in its peculiar line, had no rival in the city. The completeness of his little companies, the excellence of the stage management, which, if never daring, was always satisfactory and elegant, the certainty of a perfect propriety reigning on the stage, all rendered it a necessity with such of our people as relished polite comedy and unobjectionable melo-drama.

One of those elegant trifles, which Mr. Charles Dance constructs better than any other author, was produced here on Monday night. I saw it on Tuesday. It is entitled "Marriage a Lottery," and is in two acts. It is one of those petite drawing-room comedies, the spirit of which depends entirely on easy and epigrammatic dialogue, of which the author, in such works as "a Morning Call," and "Delicate Ground," has already shown his mastery. Both acts pass in a very charmingly painted interior. The critic of the *Times* thus epitomizes the plot: "The hero is a gentleman of undecided habits, who falls into the clutches of an ambitious matron with a marriageable daughter, and conceives, by some impossible train of reasoning, that he is bound to be tormented by the one, and wedded by the other. He is relieved from his predicament by the usual expedients. An assistant lover steps in and relieves his principal of the young lady, whilst compensatory cheques for preposterous amounts appease the old one." The machinery of the piece is slight and improbable, but the dialogue is brilliant, and what may be called the conversational situations, extremely amusing. The hero, one Mr. Wilful Waverly, a wealthy bachelor, was played by Mr. Lester, with exceeding ease and graceful humor. One or two points of his acting, such as his allowing his hat to remain on his head in the absurd position in which Mrs. Pointer (Mrs. Vernon) placed it, merely for the sake of raising a laugh, were farcical, and out of tone with the well-bred character of the comedy. Mrs. Vernon's interpretation of the tyrannical would-be mother-in-law was absolutely faultless, and Mr. Sloan's dogmatic Grimsby, the valet, full of quiet excellence. Mr. Brougham's very amusing burlesque of "Neptune's defeat," helped by his very amusing singing and acting, and Miss Mary Gannon's dashing assumption of the "Gay Young Spark," *Electros*, still continues to attract good audiences.

PICCOLOMINI AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The fair young princess, who, as Mr. Ullman insists, does not care about being a princess; the Cardinal's niece, who, we are bound to believe, has inherited all the Cardinal virtues, made her debut on Wednesday night, at the 14th street Opera House. The house was crowded. It was one of the best toilletted assemblages I have ever seen. Beauty and Tiffany were in the ascendant, and the boxes, dress circle, and parquette were *parterres* of floral and female bloom.

It is difficult to form a correct judgment of Mademoiselle Piccolomini's vocal powers in an Opera like the Traviata. It is an Opera of expression, and does not abound in those florid passages, which, in some of Rossini's works, are such infallible tests of the executive powers of a singer. All that the music of La Traviata required, Piccolomini, I think, performed. She was intensely dramatic, moving, and sympathetic. The quality of her voice is eminently suitable for the rendering of that intense story of domestic woe which Verdi has set to music. That terrible third act, with its broken utterances of despair, and its wild death-song of passionate joy at the end, was given by Piccolomini with wonderful pathos and electric force. Her acting in all, even the most minor details, is a study, and is seemingly spontaneous. It remains for us, however, to hear Mademoiselle Piccolomini in Grand Opera, where she will become the rival of such singers as Grisi and Cruvelli, before the public can determine her rank as a vocalist.

Her début, on Wednesday night was, however, in all respects, a perfect triumph, and her many recalls vehemently enthusiastic.

THE TRIBUNE CRITIC.

It is well known to students of human nature, that no person is so ruthless to an erring woman as a woman who has erred. Some time since, the *Tribune*, a paper of the most abandoned grammatical morals, severely reprehended a gentleman named Hazeltine, for looseness of conduct with his nouns and verbs. The *Tribune* was inexorable to its fellow sinner. Hazeltine has, I trust, reformed, but the *Tribune* still holds on to its vicious courses. Its musical critic thus insanely discourses of the concert of Mlle. Emma Wellis,—

> "She (the lady) performs on the Alexandre organ—a new style of chamber organ, about the size of a cabinet piano. *In this capacity* she has no rival for excellence."

In what capacity? That of a chamber organ? If so, what in the name of Calliope is this Mademoiselle Wellis? Is she an automaton, full of pipes, and stops, and keys? Does she wear crinoline, or is she dressed in rosewood? I pause for a reply.

Here is a bewildering statement,—

> "She performed a fantasia on the Trovatore, two melodies by Batiste, the organist, a duo on the organ and piano, playing on an instrument with two sets of keys, the one giving the organ, the other the piano, and a Christmas hymn by Adam."

I wonder how the Trovatore liked the fantasia that was performed on him? What wonderful sets of keys must these be, "one of which gives the organ, while the other munificently contributes a piano, and a Christmas hymn by Adam."

The idiot eulogizes the Alexandre organ. "The tone," he says, "is adequate to sustain a small choir." What a heavy swell that organ must have! What sort of support does it give a small choir? Does it merely suspend the youthful vocalists in mid air, or give them board and lodging? Marvellous instrument!

Go on, Critic of the *Tribune*, give us some more of your astonishing English composition. Clever and learned as Mr. Fry's criticisms frequently are, I prefer these. There is an unconscious humor about them, that is inimitable.

DRAMATIC ON DITS.

Mr. Boucicault has in rehearsal at Niblo's, and will produce there on Tuesday, a new piece with the mysterious title of "The Pope of Rome." The cast is to embrace the entire strength of the company; but whether Mr. Boucicault is to play the Pope himself, I have not learned. He wears the turban so well in Nena Sahib, that it is not improbable he may be ambitious to assume the tiara.

Mr. Frank Goodrich, one of the authors of "Fascination," and of the "Poor of New York," has just completed an original five act comedy of modern social life in New York, of which report speaks favorably. I am not at liberty to mention the title.

It is rumored that Mr. J. W. Wallack will appear [illegible] company.

Doctor Palmer, the author of "Miss Wimple's Hoop," in the last two numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is engaged in dramatizing that interesting story.

DODO.

LITERARY ITEMS.

— Messrs. Bangs, Merwin & Co., will offer for sale at their auction rooms, on the 26th inst., and following days, a collection of books, autographs, and medals, which, particularly the latter, will be worth the attention of the curious in such matters. The works on numismatics are many of them rare and valuable.

— "*The Trials of a Public Benefactor*," is the modest title of a volume of 460 pages, all about the life of Dr. A. T. G. Morton, and his trials in discovering, perfecting, proclaiming, and maintaining the discovery of etherization.

— The correspondence of Napoleon the First, published by order of the present Emperor, is announced. The collection will consist of about 15 volumes, three or four of which will appear every year. The price of each volume will be six francs.

— Apropos, we presume, of Mr. Sumner's sojourn in France, Mr. Victor Fournel has written a work entitled, *Du rôle des coups de bâton dans les relations sociales et, en particulier, dans l'histoire littéraire.*

— The Woman's Rights movement is progressing in Paris. Mr. Leon Fay has issued a work entitled "Non! la femme n'est pas inférieur à l'homme [No! woman is *not* inferior to man].

— A large quantity of the original MSS. of Pope has been discovered in London, having been preserved by the two Richardsons, father and son. The London *Illustrated News*, in announcing their discovery, remarks:

> "That Pope was a laborious corrector of his writings, that he arrived at excellence only by repeated alterations with the pen, we knew before from the MS. of the 'Iliad,' most fortunately preserved in the British Museum; but to what extent he carried his alterations and corrections no one who has not seen the newly-recovered MSS. to which we call attention, could have the faintest conception of. What the MSS. are worth, the reader will readily imagine when he learns that this precious bundle (casket, shall we call it?) contains the 'Essay on Criticism,' 'Windsor Forest,' 'The Rape of the Lock,' the 'Essay on Man,' the 'Moral Epistles,' the 'Epistle to Arbuthnot,' the 'Epistle to Fortescue,' and suppressed editions of the 'Dunciad,' with notes upon them that might supply matter to *Notes and Queries* for the next six months. Part of the 'Epistle to Fortescue' is written roughly on the reverse of pieces of paper transmitting nauseous 'draughts' for Mr. Pope to take night and morning."

The balance of Mr. Dawson Turner's collection of manuscripts, autographs, and books, has been consigned to Messrs. Patrick & Simpson for sale. Of the autographs there are said to be more than thirty thousand, and the manuscripts contain whole volumes filled with letters of Queen Elizabeth, the Medici Family, Buonaparte, General Wolfe, the Duke of Marlboro, Tasso, Voltaire, Sir I. Newton, Galvani, Harvey, the Poet Gray, the correspondence of Maria Shurman, the learned lady, a selection of whose works in Greek, Latin, French, and Hebrew, was published by the Elsivirs. The Virtue MSS. formerly at Strawberry Hill, and from which Horace Walpole made his anecdotes of the Fine Arts in England, is also contained in the collection.

— M. Rouland, the French Minister of Instruction, has ordered the publication, on a grand scale, of two national works—one a *Carte des Gaules*, the other a *Dictionnaire Geographique*. The map will form a sort of topographical history of France from the conquest of Julius Cæsar to the end of the Roman dominion. The dictionary will form a complete history of the eighty-six departments of France, from the earliest times, and will contain ample details in archæology, topography, and statistics.

— Doctor Sanger, Government physician at Blackwell's Island, is about to issue from the press of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, a complete History of Prostitution in all countries, its causes and its remedy. Dr. Sanger brings to this labor a vast experience, an enlarged liberality of thought, and has devoted years of a practical life to the accumulation of most interesting matter directly touching the subject under treatment. A work by such hands, on a question of such vital importance to society, cannot fail to be one of the most interesting publications of the day.

— Mr. Brunet, the celebrated bibliographer, though now very old, purposes to publish a new edition of his "Manual for the Library, and the Amateur of Books," which has been for some time very rare. The edition will be rearranged, and have large additions. Didot, who will be the publisher, announces the first volume for next July. The edition will be in six volumes, at a cost of 18 francs each, or 100 francs for the subscription to the entire work. Copies of the last edition sell readily for forty to fifty dollars.

— The first volume of Rabelais, in the *Bibliotheque Elziverienne*, published by P. Jannet, has just appeared. The publishers claim that it is the only edition conformed to the original text, and containing the last corrections of the author. It has also an account of the different editions and their variations, with notes and a glossary. The *Bibliotheque Elziverienne* is one of the most perfect specimens of book-making, alike as regards typography, paper, and the form of the volume, that the modern press has issued.

— The interesting series of papers, recently published in the *Tribune*, under the title of "*A Summer Cruise on the Coast of New England*," and which were especially interesting to the piscatory public, are attributed to the pen of Mr. Robert Carter, of Boston. We are happy to learn that they are shortly to be published in a book form.

— The French Academy will soon publish the first part of its great Historical Dictionary of the French language (dictionnaire historique de la langue française). The first part, which is printed by the house of Fermin Didot, will make a small volume in quarto, and will soon be ready for sale. It is computed that the work necessary in the compilation of this dictionary is so immense, that the publication will take at least one hundred years.

— Among the new works announced by Amyot, the French publisher, is a work by Jules Janin entitled Rachel and Tragedy. It will be a large volume in octavo, with ten photographs from nature of Rachel in her principal characters. They were taken at her own request, before her death. The price will be thirty francs.

— A new novel, called "Eva Desmond," showing that a first love may be reasonably replaced by a second, has made quite a sensation in London, and is well spoken of by the critics.

— Miss Brightwell, of Norwich, Eng., has just published a "*Life of Linnæus*;" and Lady Wilkinson, also an English lady, an elegantly illustrated work, entitled "*Weeds and Wild Flowers*."

— A new novel, entitled "*Trust and Trial*," translated from the Danish, by Mary Howitt, has just been published in London.

— Mr. G. W. Thornbury, of England, has just [illegible] entitled "Every Man his own Trumpeter."

— The republication of the Memoirs of the Duke St. Simon (with a notice of the author, by Sainte Beuve, has been completed in 20 volumes). They present a picture of the times of Louis XIV., and the Regency, as interesting as, and analogous with, that of Charles the First in Pepy's Diary.

— We are pleased to learn that the favorite old *Knickerbocker Magazine*, under the editorial management of Dr. James O. Noyes, has increased its circulation by several thousands.

— We have received from Messrs. Rudd & Carleton, two new novels, one entitled "VERNON GROVE," and written not as has been hinted by the author of "John Halifax" (to whom in respect to plot and characterization, it would do credit), but by Mrs. C. H. Glover, the accomplished daughter of the gifted Mrs. Gilman, of South Carolina; and the other entitled "ISABELLA ORSINI," written by the translator of "Beatrice Cenci," a writer of whom Professor Felton, of Harvard University, says in the Boston *Journal*:—

> "There can be no question that these novels of Guerrazzi are of marked and high literary merit. Their style is clear, pure, and vigorous. The power of the author is shown in his brilliant pictures, his vivid descriptions, and his brief energetic expressions of feelings. His characters are drawn with short, sharp strokes, as with the point of a sword. The reader becomes a spectator. From his post of observation he sees a drama enacted before him; the scenery and costumes are perfect; there is a fearful earnestness and vitality in the performers. With parted lips, and cheek growing paler, he watches with eagerness the progress of the action till the curtain falls."

THE MAGAZINES AND THEIR CONTENTS.

OCTOBER.

COLBURN'S NEW MONTHLY.—Memoirs of Marie Antoinette; Raby Verner, by the author of Ashley; The Princess Orsini, by Sir Nathaniel; Adventures of an Old Sailor; Who is Sane? by Edward P. Rowsell; Northern Lights, by Heberden Milford; Prison Hours; Mutations; Too Old, by Mrs Bushby; Hans Ernst Mitterkamp, an Autobiography; A Peep at the Far West, by an Englisher.

BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.—Frondes' History of England; The Vatican Greek Testament; Kalendars and old Almanacks; Wycliffe—his Biographers and Critics; M. Comte's Religion for Atheists; Herodotus—Rarohusin; Political Parties since the Revolution; Our Epilogue on Affairs and Books.

LONDON REVIEW.—Character and Condition of the English Poor; Arabian Philosophy; English Dictionaries; North Wales and its Scenery; Use of the Roman Character in the Indian Languages; The Last of the Alchemists; Merivale's Roman History; John Albert Bengel; The Southern Frontier of the Russian Empire; Brief Literary Notices.

BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.—St. Cornice's Cathedral; A Last Will and Testament; Winter Reminiscences of Algiers; Voiture, by Markshood; The Sexton's Brother; Correspondence of Napoleon I.; Twice Avenged; Yesterday—and—Tomorrow, by W. Charles Kent; Mazarin and his Nieces; Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady, by Dudley Cortello (continued).

NOVEMBER.

HARPER'S MONTHLY.—Ethan Allen. By B. J. Lossing; The Voyage of Paul; Strain's Gallop Across the Pampas; My Angel; Our Wives; Next Year; Our Queer Papa; One of My Lovers; Deadman's Corner; Margaret—The Lay Sister; The Virginians, Chap. 45 to 49 inclusive; Monthly Record of Current Events; Literary Notices; An Affair of Honor (a series of illustrations); Fashions for November, etc.

KNICKERBOCKER.—The Bourbon who Never Reigned, by A. Wilder; Lines, "Our Loss;" Theophilus Sumpunk, by Don Pastel; Lines, "Going to Rest," by Phœbe Carey; The Stars, of Heaven and Earth; Military Adventurers; The Old Gambrel-Roof, by Henry Clapp, Jr.; The Millennial Club, by George W. Curtis; Thomas Jefferson, Concluding Paper; Lines, "Under the Rose;" The Little Giant, by Henry Clapp, Jr.; A Fragment from the Persian; "Hallo! My Fancy, Whither Wilt Thou Go?" by Mrs. Stoddard; Hunting the Hinds of Hijaz, by James O. Noyes; The Gift of Love; Time-Keeping, A Chapter on Witches; Ladders of Sunbeams; Literary Notices; Editor's Table.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—Railway-Engineering in the United States; Her Grace, the Drummer's Daughter; Work and Rest; Colin Clout and the Fairy Queen; Miss Wimple's Hoop; Nature and the Philosopher; Thomas Jefferson; A Prisoner of War; the "Washing of the Feet," on Holy Thursday, in St. Peter's; Physical Courage; November; a Visit to the Autocrat's Landlady; the Great Event of the Century; the Last Look; a Sample of Consistency; Literary Notices.

Special Notice.—The "Autocrat" will continue his admirable contributions to the "Atlantic." The Publishers have deemed it necessary to make this announcement in consequence of a prevalent impression to the contrary.

— *Harper's Magazine*, for this month, contains its usual variety of interesting and valuable matter. In its own peculiar line this Magazine has no equal. The common idea, that its articles are mostly taken from foreign periodicals, is abundantly disproved by the fact that, among its principal contributors are Revs. John S. C. and Jacob Abbott (though Heaven deliver us from any more historical articles by either of them), Donald G. Mitchell; John G. Saxe; R. H. Stoddard; Miss Rose Terry; Richard Hildreth; W. Allen Butler; Alice Carey; William C. Bryant; George W. Curtis; Fitz James O'Brien; Thomas B. Aldrich; J. D. Whelpley; J. W. Palmer; Henry Clapp, Jr.; A. H. Guernsey; Charles Nordhoff; Herman Melville; Henry S. Sanford; J. T. Trowbridge; E. P. Whipple, &c.

— The "*Atlantic*," of this month, maintains its high character as preeminently the best literary magazine ever published in this country. With such contributors as R. W. Emerson, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry W. Longfellow, William C. Bryant, John G. Whittier, Rose Terry, Edmund P. Whipple, Fitz James O'Brien, Dr. Palmer, Dr. Whelply, etc., it could not well be otherwise.

— The last number of the *London Critic*, for sale by Willmer & Rogers, contains an admirable portrait of Charles Dickens, from a photograph by Herbert Watkins.

MEDICAL WORKS.

Scribner & Co. advertise the following medical books of the Sydenham Society publications:—

VELPEAU'S Treatise on the Diseases of the Breast and Mammary Region. Translated by M. Henry. Thick 8vo., cloth extra, top edge gilt.

OESTERLEN'S Medical Logic, translated and edited by G. Whitley, M.D. 8vo. &c.

WAGNER'S Rudiments of Physiological Histology. Translated by George Busk. Illustrations. 8vo. &c.

BARON DUPUYTREN on Lesions of the Vascular System, Diseases of the Rectum, and other Surgical Complaints. Translated by F. Le Gros Clark. 8vo. &c.

[illegible]

[illegible] Fine plates.

[illegible] of Surgery of France, [illegible] Translated by [illegible]

[illegible] Anatomy of the Human [illegible] By Figures. 1 vol. fol. 34 fine [illegible] by the most eminent artists.

[illegible] PUBLICATIONS.

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TREMENDOUS FIGHT!

COMBAT BETWEEN PATRICK AND BRIDGET O'FLANNAGAN.

BRIDGET THE VICTOR!

[Reported exclusively for the Saturday Press.]

Five Points, Saturday, October 23, 3.10 A. M.

The Great Fight, which has long been looked forward to in select Irish circles, between Patrick O'Flannagan and Bridget, his wife, came off yesterday, at the Five Points, there being an attendance of over three thousand persons, mostly Dead Rabbits. There had long been domestic strife in the bosom of the O'Flannagan family, and the great question now was, *to which the mastery?* both parties having consented to abide by the result of a free fight.

Persons from all the neighboring quarter, and from all the purlieus of the Fourth and Sixth Wards were present, including a brilliant attendance of the Fancy from all parts of the city.

Patrick had for second a well known common councilman, while Bridget was ably seconded by an ex-alderman.

DETAILS OF THE FIGHT.

FIRST ROUND.

At twenty-two minutes six seconds past two precisely, the fight began. O'Flannagan was slightly drunk, but looked defiant. Bridget's form was beautiful, and, from the appearance of her nails, was evidently ready to come up to the scratch. They both put themselves at once, in fine positions, O'Flannagan turning like a top on one leg, and his wife standing squarely on her pegs, with her arms akimbo. After jawing a moment, O'Flannagan made two leaps at Bridget, but jumped over her head, and thus changed their relative positions. They then got to work, Bridget putting in her nails several times, and closing one of Patrick's peepers, which, however, didn't prevent him from seeing with the other, and pulling out all the hair on the right side of her head. They then closed and fought desperately, both doing their worst. Here bite followed bite, very rapidly, till one of Bridget's ears dropping off, she screamed and got away, receiving a severe kick as she ran. In this round, Bridget, having outscratched Patrick, got the best of it.

SECOND ROUND.

Both came up bleeding from the last round, which was one of the severest ever fought in the Five Points. It was said, by competent judges, to be equal to anything which ever took place in Washington. Bridget's loss of an ear made her very desperate, while Patrick was equally wrathy at the loss of an eye. The bystanders screamed with delight, and several Dead Rabbits had a private bout on their own hook. This however, lasted but a moment, the scamps having been routed by one of the board of Aldermen present. The combatants then went at it again, Bridget receiving, at first, condign punishment, but never flinching a foot. The chief feature of this round, was a sudden movement of Patrick, by which, taking a bottle filled with whiskey out of his pocket, he danced a kind of Irish jig round Bridget, ending by breaking the bottle over her head. Bridget, however, seizing a fragment of the bottle, gouged Patrick so severely with it, that at the end of this round, she came off with a decided advantage.

THIRD ROUND.

The fighting now began in earnest, as the boys said, the previous rounds being looked upon as only an airy and graceful beginning. Bridget led off by seizing Patrick's nose and literally turning it upside down, so that it will be good for nothing in the future except for taking snuff. Patrick responded by running at her, head down like a bull, and pitching her about four feet against the ropes, where they had a struggle, at the end of which both came to the ground, and Bridget lost her crinoline (to the great amusement of the crowd), and broke one of her fingers. Patrick now fought well, and his friends were encouraged. His remaining eye brightened up at the sight of the fallen crinoline, but a well-planted blow from his antagonist shut it right up like a knife. Still, at the end of this round, the bets were in favor of Patrick.

FOURTH ROUND.

Bridget came to the scratch somewhat down-spirited on account of her dress; but she soon sparked up at the sight of Patrick, and making a fearful lunge at him with her left, seized his head, at the same time, with her right, and nearly twisted it off. Patrick then took a glass of whiskey from a bystander, and having got his head screwed back again, rushed at Bridget with great fury, when they both went to the ground, Bridget being on top, where she remained five minutes, and beat her man's head to a jelly. The bets were now two to one in favor of the woman.

FIFTH ROUND.

Patrick looked like a victim of eternal punishment. His eyes were both out, and his features were smashed into indistinguishable pulp. Still he came up boldly to the scratch, and, uttering a savage whoop, went at Bridget, pell mell, and, by mere force, threw her six feet in the air, when she came down on her head, making a hole in the ground like a cannon-ball. Patrick, however, couldn't see well enough to take advantage of this occurrence, but allowed Bridget to get on her pegs again. The work then became very lively, and resulted in Patrick's having his neck badly excoriated, and all his teeth knocked in.

SIXTH ROUND.

Bridget came up remarkably strong, while Patrick was [illegible]

[illegible] They then began to kick each other in the kidneys, in which play, Bridget's eyes being but partially closed, she had the best of it, getting her kicks home in nearly every case. Patrick was now nearly used up.

EIGHTH ROUND.

Patrick came up to time, but showed no disposition to fight. He was aroused only by Bridget's calling him a spalpeen, and giving him a box on the ear. He then showed more signs for life and asked for a bottle, which Bridget at once handed to him—over the head. He then tried to put in a blow with his right foot, but it was caught by Bridget, who then seized the other and trotted him round the course five minutes, à la wheelbarrow, when he fainted from exhaustion.

NINTH ROUND.

Patrick was all abroad. He waited for Bridget to come up, and success had now made her too good natured to keep him waiting, so she walked up and spit in his face. Indignant at this, Patrick made a lunge at her and fell, whereupon Bridget pulled all the hair off of his head and left him for dead.

TENTH ROUND.

The hitting, and biting, and scratching, in this round, was all on one side. Finally, Bridget came in with a blow on Patrick's jugular, which knocked him into a cocked-up hat.

ELEVENTH AND LAST ROUND.

Patrick came up staggering and whining, and looked pitiful, the fight, and nearly every thing else, being taken out of him. He made one last attempt, however, with both feet, when down he came, ka-chunk, to the ground, the most pitiful looking spectacle imaginable. Being unable, after this, to come up to time, or, in fact, to come up at all, it was decided by the arbiter (one of the city judges), that he was down, and thus ended the fight for the mastery of the ancient house of O'Flannagan.

Patrick says it is his last fight, and he looks as though it was.

N. B. By merely changing the names, the above report will answer as well as any other for a report of the fight between Morrissey and Heenan, for the championship of America.

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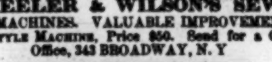

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COLUMBIA COLLEGE.—The Annual Address and Poem before the Association of the Alumni of Columbia College will be delivered at Hope Chapel, No. 720 Broadway, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, Oct. 27, at 8 o'clock.
ADDRESS by the Hon. THEODORE SEDGWICK.
POEM by JOHN MACMULLEN, A.M.

The annual Business Meeting will take place at Hope Chapel on the SAME EVENING, at 7½ o'clock, and the Annual Dinner at the St. Nicholas Hotel, on THURSDAY, Oct. 28, at 8 p.m. Tickets for the Dinner may be procured from any member of the Committee. The Association will meet at the St. Nicholas Hotel on THURSDAY EVENING, Oct. 28, at 7 p.m., for the transaction of business.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements.
WILLIAM C. RUSSELL, Chairman,
CHARLES R. SWORDS, Class of 1829.
WILLIAM L. BOYD, Class of 1832.
P. W. OSTRANDER, Class of 1848.
JOHN D. SKIDMORE, Class of 1849.
A. S. VAN DUZER, Class of 1853.

TO AUTHORS AND BOOKSELLERS. MRS. WHITE, late Lady Librarian of the Mercantile Library of New York, will be happy to undertake copying manuscript for Press, and also addressing Circulars or Prospectuses of new Publications to the Heads of Colleges, Universities, Public Literary Institutions, and Booksellers throughout the United States and Canada—of which she possesses a recent and very correct List. Letters addressed to the care of C. B. NORTON, Agent for Libraries, New York, will meet with prompt attention.

THE KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER NOW READY.
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THE BOURBON WHO NEVER REIGNED.
OUR LASS.
THEOPHILUS SUMPUNK. By DON PASTEL.
GOING TO REST. By PHOEBE CAREY.
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MILITARY ADVENTURES.
THE OLD GAMBREL ROOF.
THE MILLENNIAL CLUB. By GEO. W. CURTIS.
THOMAS JEFFERSON.
UNDER THE ROSE.
THE LITTLE GIANT. By HENRY CLAPP, jr.
A FRAGMENT.
HALLO MY FANCY. By MRS. STODDARD.
HUNTING THE HINDS OF HIJAZ. By JAMES O. NOYES.
THE GIFT OF LOVE.
TIME KEEPING.
LADDERS OF SUNBEAMS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EDITOR'S TABLE.
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It is so constructed that the "Vest" can be instantly filled with air without being removed from the person; and when thus filled is capable of sustaining the wearer for any length of time in the water. It has been publicly tested on many occasions, and found to be in all respects a perfect protection. [illegible]

At New Bedford, New London, and other seaports, it is [illegible] whaling ships being [illegible] It has also been introduced into the Navy and Army. The following unsolicited certificate settles the fact as to its character beyond all controversy:

NEWPORT, R. I., Oct. 6, 1858.

[illegible] Gentlemen: I have examined the Improved Life-Preserving Vest invented by T. A. Delano, [illegible]

GEO. W. CULLUM, U. S. Engineer.

[illegible]

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, FOR NOVEMBER, NOW READY.
CONTENTS:
RAILWAY-ENGINEERING IN THE UNITED STATES.
HER GRACE, THE DRUMMER'S DAUGHTER. (Conc'd.)
WORK AND REST.
COLIN CLOUT AND THE FAIRY QUEEN.
MISS WIMPLE'S HOOP. (Concluded.)
NATURE AND THE PHILOSOPHER.
THOMAS JEFFERSON.
A PRISONER OF WAR.
THE "WASHING OF THE FEET," ON HOLY THURSDAY, IN ST. PETER'S.
PHYSICAL COURAGE.
NOVEMBER.
A VISIT TO THE AUTOCRAT'S LANDLADY.
THE GREAT EVENT OF THE CENTURY.
THE LAST LOOK.
A SAMPLE OF CONSISTENCY.
LITERARY NOTICES.

The Publishers believe that this Magazine has become a necessity with the intelligent reading public. Not content, however, with past success, it will be the aim of its conductors to make it still more attractive and entertaining, whilst at the same time its high character and careful scholarship are preserved.

The First Volume, consisting of seven numbers, ended in May last. The Second Volume, also containing seven numbers, will end with the December issue, in which the Index will be given. Hereafter the volumes will begin with January and July.

The pages of the ATLANTIC are stereotyped, and back numbers can be supplied.

TERMS.—$3 per annum, or 25 cents a number. Upon the receipt of the price, the Publishers will send the Magazine, postpaid, to any part of the United States.

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THE VOYAGE OF PAUL.
Illustrated by Seventeen Engravings.
STRAIN'S GALLOP ACROSS THE PAMPAS.
Illustrated by Eight Engravings.
MY ANGEL.
OUR WIVES.
NEXT YEAR.
OUR QUEER PAPA.
ONE OF MY LOVERS.
DEADMAN'S CORNER.
MARGARET—THE LAY SISTER.
THE VIRGINIANS. By W. M. Thackeray.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Young Virginians.—An Apparition.—Four Head-Pieces.
CHAPTER XLV. In which Harry finds two Uncles.
CHAPTER XLVI. Chains and Slavery.
CHAPTER XLVII. Visitors in Trouble.
CHAPTER XLVIII. An Apparition.
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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Mr. Spasm consults a Friend.—Who assures him that he must "call out" his Rival.—The Challenge sent.—And accepted.—Never fired a Pistol.—Advised to Practice.—First Trial.—Second Trial.—Third Trial.—Getting the Hang.—Letter to Arabella.—On the Ground.—The Meeting.—The Result.—Apologies.—Finale.
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FROM THE PRESS.

A wonderful History of Man on the Ocean, with his thrilling achievements.—[Presbyterian.

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A LIBRARY FOR WOMEN.—A Meeting will be held and Discourses delivered in the Rev. E. H. Chapin's Church, on TUESDAY EVENING next, Oct. 26, on "THE NECESSITY OF MENTAL CULTURE IN WOMEN."

The need of a first-class Female Library in this city will be discussed, together with other questions of public interest.

The following distinguished gentlemen will attend:
The Hon. DANIEL F. TIEMANN,
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Admission free.

I approve in the highest degree of the plan to improve the condition of the New York females, by furnishing them with the means of obtaining a more useful education, and providing for them a reading room and library. WM. C. BRYANT.
NEW YORK, Oct. 20, 1858.

From the names of a large number of distinguished citizens who give their encouragement to this movement, we select the following:
DANIEL F. TIEMANN,
PETER COOPER,
BENJAMIN H. FIELD,
HENRY HILTON,
A. P. CUMINGS,
JOHN CLANCY,
JOSEPH P. THOMPSON,
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SECOND.

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Insurance may be effected for the benefit of married women, beyond the reach of their husbands' creditors. Creditors may insure the lives of debtors.

[illegible]

OCTOBER 23, 1858.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

BY BROADFELLOW.

What the heart of one egg said to another.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
Chickens in their oval slumbers
Are by no means what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And this shell is not its pen;
Egg thou art, in egg remainest,
Was not spoken of the hen.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to scratch, that each to-morrow
Find us fatter than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
Be our bills, then, sharpened well;
Nor like muffled drums be beating
On the inside of the shell.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the great barnyard of life,
Be not like the lazy cattle,
Be a rooster in the strife!

Trust no hawk, however pleasant;
And yet never be it said,
When the birds of prey were present,
You were skulking in the shed.

Lives of old cocks all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And when roasted, leave behind us
Bird tracks on the sands of time.

Bird tracks that perhaps another
Chicken drooping in the rain,
A forlorn and hen-pecked brother,
When he sees shall crow again!

Let us, then, be after hatching,
With a heart for every fate,
Ever crowing, ever scratching,
Learn to cackle and to prate.

—*Home Journal.*

TIME-KEEPING:

WATCH-MAKING AND AMERICAN WATCHES.

Time, the subtlest marvel of the universe!—Time, the builder, the destroyer, the consoler, an illimitable ocean of eternities! Who can fix its beginning or mark its periods? The measureless harmonies of the material universe; the rapid wheeling of countless orbs in the broad fields of space; the erratic flight of comets; the unspent operation of the forces of Nature, exhibited at all points in the created universe, fall within Time's inflexible periods and cycles.

What inconceivable disasters would result, even from a momentary delay on the part of the earth to move within its allotted periods! All motion arrested for a single moment of time, and the organic universe would return to choas.

Yet man has no natural sense of time, which has developed the sciences, the arts, and the whole history of human action. He commences his being unconscious of the hurrying moments. Watchless, as well as garmentless, he comes into the world, and the hours and minutes are not marked on the great dial of the sky. He has had to invent the very necessity of having them marked at all.*

Not till after thousands of years of timing by guess, and other thousands of rude measurements by the flow of sand or water, or the movement of a shadow, did the race at last provide itself with miniature stationary or portable solar systems—machines substantially isochronous with the sun—which show to a minute, or the sixtieth part of it, in the cloudiest day, the darkest night, or deepest cave, how long it is since the sun passed a given meridian.

The utility of this achievement is incalculable; is far more valuable for humanity than if the seconds, minutes, and hours had been visibly marked on the zodiac by the hand of the Almighty. It is this ubiquitous legibility of time that makes it possible for the human race to keep step, and act in concert individually or in masses, giving a power to the whole greater than the power of one multiplied by the number of the whole. If, for instance, man had not provided himself with an accurate and reliable time-keeper, before attempting to arrest the forces of steam and electricity, he would have found it impossible to establish the net-work of railways, telegraphs, and lines of ocean-steamers, which are now constantly bearing in rapid flight precious freights in every direction, with a certainty and celerity second only to the operations of Nature.

The progress of this great invention, too great to be attributed to any single individual, was for ages almost imperceptible. First, there was the herdsmen, watching the sun by day and the moon and stars by night, dividing the blue space into hand and finger breadths, and making use of his eye as a quadrant to determine altitudes. Then the march of the shadow was graduated, and the dial took its place in garden and in courtyard, and the noon-mark by the sill of the window and the threshold of the door-way. The hour-glass of sand or of water, made to correspond to the divisions on the dial-plate, came into use for nights and cloudy days. The clepsydra, a kind of portable tide, was employed long before the Christian era; and even two thousand years ago, Ctesibius, of Alexandria, had added wheels, making it in fact a water-clock.

Clepsydræ appear to have been used in China, India, Chaldea, and Egypt, in the most remote antiquity. Plato introduced them from the latter country into Greece. Julius Cæsar found them even in Britain, where they were probably carried by the Phœnicians. Clepsydræ with tooth-wheels are to be seen sculptured on Trajan's Column at Rome, where the first sun-dial was set up by L. Papirius Cursor, 301 B. C. The Romish clergy were mainly instrumental in introducing the art of clock-making into Europe. The measurement of time for the regulation of the stated services of the church was so desirable, that their attention was necessarily called to a subject in which they were much interested.

It was not until the tenth century that a clock going by weight was invented, which however had neither minute-hand to indicate the exact time, nor pendulum to regulate its motion, but was provided with a balance-wheel of two weights, oscillating on a line in a horizontal plane.

In this rude clock the weights were moveable on the lever; and by changing their relation to the centre of motion, their vibrations through the arc of a circle, determined by pallets playing into the teeth of a crown-wheel, were of such length as to give the hour-hand two revolutions in twenty-four hours. Pope Sylvester II. is said to have made the first clock of this kind in Europe, for which he was accused by the ignorant of intimate relations with the devil. The balance was substantially the same as that of our present watches, and the crown-wheel escapement is yet hardly out of use. But though the great mechanical principle of the time-keeper—the division of a constant force into equal portions—was thus early developed, it required some eight hundred years more to perfect the mechanism and bring it into use in the household and the pocket.

It is remarkable that the church tower clock had been reduced to pocket size with a coil spring instead of a weight as a moving power, and was actually worn, before the application of the pendulum to the clock, or of the balance-spring to the balance of a watch.* These two great improvements in horology were made almost simultaneously two hundred years ago, and in both cases history divides the credit. It is usually stated that Galileo, from observing the swinging of a lamp hung from the top of a church, discovered that pendulums oscillate through different arcs in the same time—a property denominated the isochronism of the pendulum. It is also said that "the ancient astronomers of the East employed pendulums in measuring the times of their observations, patiently counting their vibrations during the phases of an eclipse or a transit of the stars, and renewing them with a little push with the finger when they languished; and Gassendi, Ricioli, and others in more recent times followed their example.

As is usual in such cases, the discovery of the isochronism of the pendulum was probably made independently by several persons about the same time; and the invention naturally led to its application to clocks. A clock-maker by the name of Harris is said to have made a pendulum clock for St. Paul's, Covent Garden, in 1621, several years before Dr. Hooke, Huygens, or Galileo's son, all of whom claimed priority.

But whoever was the inventor of pendulum clocks, there is no doubt that Huygens was the discoverer of the true theory of the pendulum; and although his application of the theory is now abandoned, all pendulum calculations depend upon it. He discovered that the curve in which a body must move so as to oscilliate through large and small arcs in the same time, is not a circle, but a cycloid.

The spiral hair-spring does the same for a watch that the pendulum does for a clock, that is, with a proper escapement makes the vibrations the same in time irrespective of the amount of force exerted by the main-spring. Before the hair-spring and improved escapement were introduced, it was necessary that the moving force should be constant, and, as the main-spring pulled harder when fully wound up than when partly so, it was made to act upon the main driving-wheel by means of a chain coiled on a fusee, so that the loss of force by the uncoiling of a spring was compensated by the chain acting further from the centre. The adoption of the hair-spring and improved escapements rendered this clumsy arrangement useless; yet the English watch-makers, who claim for their countryman, Dr. Hooke, the credit of inventing the hair-spring, and who were the first to adopt the detached or lever-escapement, still continue to make watches with fusees. During two hundred years, in the face of an active continental competition, they have manufactured very few watches without them.†

The extent of the simplification will be understood when we consider that a watch without a fusee contains about one hundred and twenty parts, while one with fusee and chain consists of more than eight hundred, the chain alone being formed of seven hundred pieces, thus affording nearly seven hundred additional chances of disarrangement by flaws in the material or imperfect workmanship.

With the pendulum, the balance-spring, and proper escapements, clocks and watches would be nearly perfect, were it not for the disturbing effect of temperature, which makes them thermometers as well as chronometers; and just so far as they indicate changes in the atmosphere, they lose their efficiency in the latter capacity.

There are two ways of correcting this disturbance: one is in having a bit of metal so placed that its expansion will strengthen the hair-spring by shortening it; another method is to make the balance of two metals of different degrees of expansibility so arranged that the average mass of the balance is brought nearer the centre of motion by expansion.

It was this compensation, first effectually applied by Harrison, if not invented by him, which won for the London watch-maker the reward of £20,000, offered by the British Board of Longitude, for an instrument with which the longitude at sea, within a given limit, could be unerringly ascertained. By means of this discovery, the culminating triumph of watch-making, we are enabled to manufacture a mechanism which, in spite of the changes of matter, will guide us over a trackless ocean by the accuracy of its records of time.

The compensation of the balance is ordinarily of much less importance than its correct poising, which makes the time the same in all positions, the jeweling of the holes, and the accurate fitting of the pivots in them. In jewelling, the highest accuracy of human workmanship is required. There must be microscopic exactness in planing, turning, and drilling the most impenetrable materials. The pivots must move in their holes with perfect ease, and yet without spare room to accommodate the thousandth part of a hair. These jewels are precious stones, usually rubies, sapphires, or chrysolites, and inferior only to the diamond in hardness. The drilling of them was for a long time an art of itself. When all these requirements are supplied in the best manner, time is conquered, and the mechanism becomes enduring as well as almost infallible.

Naturally an article of such beauty and utility as the watch—a thing so personal, so closely related to one's life, so social, so indispensable to progress and power—should be desired by everybody capable of using and preserving it. Hence every civilized country has had its manufacturers, and millions of watches have been made, varying indefinitely as to quality, from Napoleon's, which wound itself up constantly by the motion of its wearer, to the big brass bull's-eye of the Cornish miner, and the thin French cousin of our Yankee wooden clock to be found in the fob of the cheapest ready-made outfit. Yet, in all this wide manufacture there has been no connected and comprehensive system, but every watch was made by hand and had a strong individuality of its own, so that the works of the same maker have had a great variety, no two of them being alike.

In Europe the rough parts of the watch usually come from several distinct workshops, all meeting at last in the *atelier* of the finisher, often residing in a distant city or even in a foreign country, who puts the mechanism together and sets it in motion.

It is plain enough, that owing to this want of system there can be but very few perfect watches. Only the very best works of the very best finishers approach perfection. The mass of hand-made watches are never good except in appearance. A large class of mechanics are employed in all civilized countries in vainly attempting to make them go in correspondence with the solar system. It is estimated that at least $5,000,000 are annually spent in the United States alone in repairing almost worthless watches, and at least an equal amount in the old world. The mystery which surrounds the profession of watch-making in the community almost equals that of the healing art, and this ignorance is by no means detrimental to manufacturers and importers.

Under the circumstances, it is not strange that in the United States there should have been until lately but a few sporadic attempts at watch-making. Our [illegible] industry was first applied to supplying the world with clocks. The filling of the world with reliable watches should naturally follow.

The advantageous opening for this branch of industry will be best appreciated by referring to the amount expended in the importation of watches, chiefly from England, and from Switzerland through France. The number of watches imported is not given in the published returns of the Treasury department, but their total value, from 1825 to 1858 inclusive, is $45,820,000, about equally divided between England and Switzerland, while the number of watches supplied by the latter is more than three times as great as the number furnished by the former, owing to the lower price and the less substantial quality of the workmanship.

Our present demand for foreign watches is about $5,000,000 per annum. What a temptation to apply the vaunted superiority of Americans in mechanical ingenuity to their production by machinery.

During the war of 1812 a large number of very excellent watches were manufactured in Worcester county, Massachusetts, by Goddard and others, some of which are still in use. But at the close of the war the manufacture languished, and foreign competition brought it to an end.

The next attempt was made in 1839, at East Hartford, by Henry Pitkin, who commenced making watches with tools of his own manufacture, and continued the business there and in Boston until he had made about one thousand watches, when the business failed from want of capital and encouragement.

The application of machinery to the manufacture of firearms having been successfully made by Eli Whitney, the idea of extending it to the manufacture of watches naturally occurred. An enterprise with this object in view was first started at Roxbury, Mass., in the year 1850, in connection with a large clock-making establishment; but the location was soon found to be wholly unsuited to the prosecution of such delicate work, on account of the light and dusty character of the soil, which in dry weather charged the rooms with dust, to the great injury of the work. To overcome this difficulty, and more fully carry out the project of training a special class of workmen and women, a site was procured in the town of Waltham, Mass., on the banks of Charles River, and a manufactory erected, which covers an area of about half an acre of ground.

The building is two stories [illegible] and surrounds a quadrangular court [illegible] one of the most admirable [illegible] organised establishments in [illegible] various fortunes, the ori[illegible] 1853 the establishment [illegible] Appleton [illegible] upon a [illegible] made watch-making by [illegible] institution: thus setting [illegible] enterprise and ingenuity to [illegible] which promises to [illegible] few years the watch trade [illegible] of manufacture is higher [illegible] prehensive, embracing every part of the watch, commencing with the rolled plates of brass, steel, and silver, the wires used for pinions, pins, and screws, and the gems for jewels; and by means of punching, swaging, cutting, turning, polishing, burnishing, drilling, enameling, and gilding, brings out the perfect mechanism of an unrivalled time-keeper.

Every part of the watch is made by machinery, each machine doing its peculiar work to a guage or pattern, with an exactness no skill of handicraft can equal. With the exception of the jewels and the pivots that run in them, every watch is in every part exactly like every other watch of the same style. The jewels are first drilled with a diamond, and then opened out with diamond-dust on a soft hair-like iron wire, their perforations having certain microscopic differences. In like manner, the pivots of steel that are to run in these jewels, without wearing out in the least, must be exquisitely polished. By this operation their size is slightly reduced. The jewels and pivots, after being thus finished, are classified by means of a guage, so delicately graduated as to detect a difference of the ten thousandth part of an inch. The jewels are classified by means of the pivots, the jewels and pivots of the same number fitting each other exactly. The sizes of the several pivots and jewels in each watch are carefully recorded under its number, so that if any one of either should fail in any part of the world, by sending the number of the watch to Waltham, the part desired may be readily and cheaply replaced with unerring certainty. All the other parts are made precisely the same size, every dial-plate and case fitting one watch as well as another. The escapements, which in foreign watches have each its own individuality, are uniform in the American watch. No one who examines the machines employed in this establishment, and attends to the minute details of the system, will doubt that the work of the very best European watch-makers must be equalled, and in some respects greatly excelled. In the Waltham watches nothing is left to the eye or touch of the workmen. On every part the machine impresses its own precision.*

With excellent judgment, the founders of this establishment have adopted the simplest form of the lever watch as their staple, designed to supply the place of the millions of low-priced and unreliable foreign watches with which our country is flooded. Adjusted chronometer balances and a most elaborate finish in all respects have been achieved; but it is not the design of the manufacturers to enter into a useless competition with the highest priced watches on the score of external finish, believing that the more valuable qualities of durability, reliability, cheapness, and simple elegance, will be best appreciated, and more useful to the community than the pretentious glitter of finish which too often conceals fatal internal defects in the watch as a time-keeper. By machinery American movements without cases are made at about one-half the cost of imported movements of a similar grade, with the advantage of being uniformly reliable. We hail the introduction of watch-making with peculiar satisfaction, as it promises to remedy a serious evil which has grown out of the unreliability of the great majority of foreign watches. We allude to the vast amount of petty fraud and knavery that are practised and tolerated in connection with these worse than useless fabrics; cheating in the sale of a watch having been considered as almost justifiable. The introduction of the Waltham watches will necessarily put an end to this wide-spread evil. The manufacture of American watches also promises to open a new and appropriate field of remunerative employment for the skill of woman, where she can demonstrate her capacity for the most delicate and exacting mechanical occupations. It marks, moreover, an era in the history of time and time-keepers, and may appropriately be associated with the magnetic telegraph, the sewing-machine, and other kindred successes of mind over matter, which so wonderfully distinguish the present period.—*Knickerbocker.*

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* The revolution of the earth upon its axis is the only natural measure or standard of our time, that is, a day is generally understood to be the time between two successive noons or midnights. Yet this is not the day of twenty-four hours by the clock. The exact period of the earth's revolution, as measured by the fixed stars, is what we call a sidereal day; and is always the same, with the exception of an annual variation of three and one-third seconds of time. [illegible]

* The only mechanical difference between a watch and a clock is, that a watch will go in any position, but a clock only in one. Although time-pieces in cases, with a balance instead of a pendulum, are called clocks, they are really watches, differing from the common watch in their size, and the balance being set in a plane perpendicular to the planes of the rest of the wheels.

Watches have been made that would wind themselves up, or be wound without a key; others have been set in bracelets and rings; and a complete full-size watch was exhibited at the World's Fair in New York in 1853, no larger than a gold dollar. The celebrated Beaumarchais states in one of his letters: "I had the honor to present Madame De Pompadour with a watch in a ring—the smallest which has ever been constructed. It is only four lines and a half in diameter, and two-thirds of a line in height between the plates. To render this thing more convenient, I have substituted for the usual key a hoop of gold around the dial-plate, from which a little hook stands out; by pulling this hook with the nail about two-thirds around the dial-plate, you wind up the watch, and it goes thirty hours."

Among the marvels of watch-making, we should mention that a single pound of steel, costing fifty cents, when manufactured into one hundred thousand screws is worth eleven hundred dollars; and when sold, [illegible] thousand dollars; [illegible] is worth eight hundred dollars, [illegible] thousand dollars.

† [illegible]

* All imported watches are made by hand, the American watches being the only ones made by machinery in a single establishment, by connected and uniform processes. [illegible]

ADAM'S FALL; OR, THE FIRST MARRIAGE.

Adam was first created
A happy Bachelor,
Nor wished he to be mated;
Nor dreamed of she or her;
Woman had not
Been then invented,
But all contented
Was Adam's lot.

Joyous, and free from sin,
He passed his early life,
And thus he still had been,
Had he not known a wife;
Had he not slept,
He ne'er had been
Thus taken in,
But *single* kept.

He did not want, or need,
A thing so false and frail,
More than a toad, indeed,
Requires, or wants a tail.
Daily had he
The cherubim
And seraphim,
For company.

But meddling angels, soon,
To spoil his peaceful life,
Set all their wits to work
To pick him out a wife,
As with us here
Our angels do,
Whene'er they view
A Bachelor.

When Mrs. Adam came,
She hinted, with a smile,
That they had better live
A little more in style.
"My dear, we are able
Better to dress,
And keep, I guess,
A better table."

That day she made a feast
Of rare and costly fruit;
The next, they both appeared
Dressed in a bran new suit.

And every day
Did female pride
Decoy them wide
From wisdom's way,

What was the end, d'ye think,
Of this new course of life?
Adam was a bankrupt made
By his ambitious wife,
The tipstaffs come
And make a rout,
And turn them out
Of house and home.

Adam, now forced to work,
To digging went, and hewing,
While Lady Eve, so proud,
Was glad to take in sewing.
Then, as a mother,
The boys she had
Turned out so bad,
One killed the other.

If Adam had not been
Thus saddled with a mate,
Would he not, d'ye thing,
Have kept his first estate?
Without a mother,
Could wicked Cain,
Think ye, have slain
His pious brother?

This mischief all arose,
And more than I have stated,
From Adam's first *faux pas*,
Submitting to be mated,
Then let us all
His folly see,
And thus shall we
Escape his fall.

GEORGE SAND.

For some months past the public has had no sign of life from Mme. George Sand, that feverish and active brain that never rests. The public, which never loses its interest in her least movement, is beginning to inquire anxiously about her. Some of the later literary efforts of this gifted lady, it must be admitted, were not up to that standard to which she had accustomed her millions of readers and admirers in all parts of the world, and it is now said that she is laboring sedulously on a work which she hopes will again rally around her pen the enthusiasm which crowned its earlier efforts.

Mme. Sand lives in a retired chateau, called Nohant, on the banks of the Indre, about 150 miles from Paris, and in the heart of that most lovely and interesting of French countries, La Touraine. She rarely comes to Paris, but receives and entertains many friends at her home. Nohant is a modern palace, built in the time of Louis Sixteenth. A large English garden is attached to the chateau, which serves Madame Sand as a promenade, and as an occupation in leisure hours. The house is elegantly and comfortably furnished, and her working room is full of curiosities and rarities of all kinds. The habits of the divinity of the place are not those of every body. She rises at one o'clock in the day; her breakfast is a cup of black coffee without sugar. As soon as she has taken it, she descends to the garden, and if she is not too much pressed for time, takes a hoe and goes to work at her flowerbeds. She adores flowers, and has the finest in her neighborhood. She is fond, also, of animals, and her habitation resembles an ark. Her Havana lap-dog, Marquis, never quits her; she has Bengal parrots, native birds and chickens, for which she has built a palace; she has cows and horses; but for several years has renounced horseback riding. She has a caprice for turtles, and keeps a small one continually on her work-table. As soon as she gets up in the morning, she makes a cigarette, and never ceases smoking till she goes to bed again. This is her only vice, and it is one she regrets, but she avows she cannot conquer it. At dinner, which is always gay, when there are guests, and this is the most usual, the Amphitryon drinks water only—exceptionally a glass of Spanish wine at the desert. The evening is spent in reading, in music, and in needlework. Madame Sand is a good musician, and the works of her needle, in tapestry especially, are admirable. Among the older writers, she is particularly fond of the works of Scott and Cooper. At 11 o'clock she retires to her library and works all the night, till 6 o'clock in the morning, and then sleeps till 11. She writes with great facility; she reads and corrects but once her manuscript; her splendid style is natural to her, and comes without study.

A late writer, an intimate friend of George Sand, has given us an exceedingly fine and cleverly drawn appreciation of the authoress of *Indiana*. It is well that the public should be enlightened on her character and habits, for it is certain that the half of France, and more than that of the rest of the world, regard her as a sort of bi-sexual monster, whose name ought not to be pronounced in children's ears. She is accused of a thousand offences, not the least of which is that of having broken up many happy households during her younger days. She is represented as a virago, generally dressed in male attire, with a whip or a gun in her hand, making war against man and beast. But nothing could be farther from the truth. Whatever may have been the influence of her pen, personally George Sand is kind-hearted, mild, facile to those around her, and above all, benevolent to excess. She gives largely to her village, she pays a doctor and a druggist by the year to take care of her peasants. She takes seriously the idols of her romances, and loves her Berrichons, who, in return, adore and venerate her; she is more pleased in their midst than in the society she encounters at Paris, where, against her will, she is obliged to make an exhibition of her person.

Madame Sand is not much changed from the beauty which made her so remarkable in her youth. She is but little fuller in person, and is yet a small woman. Her feet and hands are marvels of perfection. Her forehead, and especially her eyes, have preserved their brilliancy and their regularity. Her face is long and oval, and while it expresses great vigor and intellect, charms with a frank expression of goodness. She is capable of assuming, when she pleases, the air of a great lady, and when she encounters people who *pose*, she knows perfectly how to make them respect the granddaughter of Marshal Sax, and of the Counts of Kœnigsmark. These two opposite elements of her nature are manifested in the smallest details; she is, at the same time, plebian and patrician, and this is not the least curious feature of her character. Frank, loyal, brave, and resolute, she resembles more a man of honor than a sensitive woman, notwithstanding, she sheds tears at a melodrama, and exhibits sometimes the naive gaiety of a child. She is amused with everything; she loves to see laughing physiognomies around her, she laughs boisterously, and that, too, at a stupidity, a flat *jeu de mot*. But the moment she is alone, she falls back into a sort of revery; she needs to be drawn out by others, she is timid, has no initiative, does not know how to talk, has none of what is called *l'esprit du salon*, notwithstanding, or because of her genius; not a word of hers is repeated, everything in her is concentrated; she is all reflection. In order that she shall become expansive, she must have before her ink and paper. Simple and natural, she has not the ordinary vanity of an author; her pen once laid down, she ceases to think of her works, even forgets them, and does not care to talk about them. She is indulgent for others, and, unlike most of the *litterateurs*, has no jealousy for others' successes. She never reposes from labor; scarcely is one book finished, when she commences another. Her romances and plays are counted by the dozen. They amuse her while she is writing them until the characters are fully developed; after that, she grows more and more impatient, until the moment arrives to write FINIS.

In her memoirs, published three years ago, she speaks often of a person named Ursule. This woman, who was the friend of her childhood, is a poor workwoman; for Madame Sand, although she has royal blood in her veins, was born and brought up among "the people." Ursule has gone to live at Nohant, and is still the friend of Madame Sand, who often seats her by her side at the dinner table. This is almost her only *liaison* in her own sex; two or three other persons are on intimate terms at her house, but Ursule stands first. She has many friends in the ranks of the other sex, to whom she is devoted, and for whom she is ever ready to render a service, and, what is more, she replies punctually to all letters addressed to her.—*Paris correspondent of N. Y. Times.*

On Marriage.—We must judge of character, of temper, and abilities; be certain of the energy and endurance of a manly mind, before we promise to obey its dictates. We must be sure that we are loved, not merely as a useless ornament to his home, but as a friend—the companion whose love must last when time steals on. We must feel that our opinion is sought, our judgment appreciated; that confidence, the brightest ray in the diadem of married life, is ours; that not only are we loved in the sunshine, but trusted in the storm. Then, oh! then only, may we safely climb life's hill together.

STATE OF NEW YORK, OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE, Albany, August 2, 1858.

To the Sheriff of the County of New York:

Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Governor, in the place of John A. King;
A Lieutenant Governor, in the place of Henry R. Selden;
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Samuel B. Ruggles, appointed in place of Samuel S. Whallon, deceased;
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of William A. Russell;
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.
A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Third Congressional District, composed of the First, Second, Third, Fifth, and Eighth Wards in the City of New York;
A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Fourth Congressional District, composed of the Fourth, Sixth, Tenth, and Fourteenth Wards in the City of New York;
A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Fifth Congressional District, composed of the Seventh and Thirteenth Wards in the City of New York, and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Wards of Brooklyn;
A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Sixth Congressional District, composed of the Eleventh, Fifteenth, and Seventeenth Wards in the City of New York;
A Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States, for the Seventh Congressional District, composed of the Ninth, Sixteenth, and Twentieth Wards in the City of New York;
And also, a Representative in the Thirty-sixth Congress of the United States for the Eighth Congressional District, composed of the Twelfth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-first, and Twenty-second Wards in the City of New York.

County Officers also to be Elected for said County

Seventeen Members of the Assembly;
A Sheriff, in the place of James C. Willett;
A County Clerk, in the place of Richard B. Connolly;
Four Coroners, in the place of Frederick W. Perry, Edward D. Connery, Robert Gamble, and Samuel C. Hills;
All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

The attention of Inspectors of Election and County Canvassers is directed to Chap 320 of Laws of 1858, a copy of which is printed herewith, for instructions in regard to their duties under said law, "submitting the question of calling a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same to the people of the State."

Chap. 320.

AN ACT to submit the question of calling a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same, to the People of the State.

Passed April 17, 1858—three-fifths being present.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

Section 1. The inspectors of election in each town, ward, and election district in this State, at the annual election to be held in November next, shall provide a proper box to receive the ballots of the citizens of this State entitled to vote for members of the Legislature at such election. On such ballot shall be written or printed, or partly written and printed, by those who are in favor of a Convention, the words: "Shall there be a Convention to Revise the Constitution and amend the same? Yes." And by those voters who are opposed thereto, the words: "Shall there be a Convention to Revise the Constitution and amend the same? No." And all citizens entitled to vote as aforesaid shall be allowed to vote by ballot as aforesaid, in the election district in which he resides, and not elsewhere.

§ 2. So much of articles one, two, and three, of title four, of chapter one hundred and thirty, of an act entitled "An act respecting elections other than for militia and town officers," passed April fifth, eighteen hundred and forty-two, and the acts amending the same, as regulates the manner of conducting elections and challenges, oaths to be administered, and inquiries to be made, of persons offering to vote, shall be deemed applicable to the votes to be given or offered under this act; and the manner of voting and challenges, and the penalties for false swearing, prescribed by law, are hereby declared in full force and effect in voting or offering to vote under this act.

§ 3. The said votes given for and against a convention, in pursuance of this act, shall be canvassed by the inspectors of the several election districts or polls of the said election in the manner prescribed by law, and as provided in article four, of title four, of chapter one hundred and thirty of the said act, passed April fifth, eighteen hundred and forty-two, and the acts amending the same, as far as the same are applicable; and such canvass shall be completed by ascertaining the whole number of votes given in each election district or poll for a convention, and the whole number of votes given against such convention, in the form aforesaid; and the result being found, the inspectors shall make a statement in words, at full length, of the number of ballots received in relation to such convention, and shall also state in words, at full length, the whole number of ballots having thereon the words, "Shall there be a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same? Yes." And also the whole number of ballots having thereon the words, "Shall there be a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same? No." Such statements as aforesaid shall contain a caption, stating the day on which, and the number of the district, the town or ward, and the county at which the election was held, and at the end thereof a certificate that such a statement is correct in all respects, which certificate shall be subscribed by all the inspectors, and a true copy of such statement shall be immediately filed by them in the office of the clerk of the town or city.

§ 4. The original statements, duly certified as aforesaid, shall be delivered by the inspectors, or one of them, to be deputed for that purpose, to the supervisor, or, in case th[illegible] be no supervisor, or he shall be disabled from attending the board of canvassers, then to one of the assessors of the town or ward, within twenty-four hours after the same shall have been subscribed by such inspectors, to be disposed of as other statements at such election are now required by law.

§ 5. So much of articles first, second, third, and fourth, of t[illegible] tle fifth, of chapter one hundred and thirty, of the act entitle[illegible] "An act respecting elections other than for militia and tow[illegible] officers," and the acts amending the same, as regulates the [illegible] ties of County Canvassers and their proceedings, and the du[illegible] of County Clerks, and the Secretary of State, and the Board [illegible] State Canvassers shall be applied to the canvassing and asce[illegible] taining the will of the people of this State in relation to t[illegible] proposed convention; and if it shall appear that a majority [illegible] the votes or ballots given in and returned as aforesaid a[illegible] against a convention, then the said canvassers are required [illegible] certify and declare that fact by a certificate, subscribed [illegible] them, and filed with the Secretary of State; but if it shall [illegible] pear by the said canvass that a majority of the ballots or v[illegible] given as aforesaid are for a convention, then they shall, by [illegible] certificates, to be filed as aforesaid, declare that fact; and [illegible] said Secretary shall communicate a copy of such certifica[illegible] both branches of the Legislature, at the opening of the [illegible] session thereof.

Yours, respectfully,
GIDEON J. TUCKER, Secretary of Sta[illegible]

Sheriff's Office,
New York, August 4, 1858.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Se[illegible] tary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such c[illegible] made and provided.

JAMES C. WILLETT,
Sheriff of the City and County of New Yo[illegible]

☞ All the public newspapers in the county will pub[illegible] the above once in each week until the election, and then h[illegible] in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be [illegible] before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. Revised Stat. vol. 1, chap. 6, title 3, article 24, part 1st, 193.